Totenham-Court,

A

PLEASANT COMEDY.

Acted at the private houſe in *Salisbury-Court.*

By THOMAS NABBS.

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The PROLOGVE.

Y'*Are welcome* Gentlemen *to* Tot'nam-Court,
Where You *(perhaps) expect ſome* luſty ſport;
Such as rude Cuſtome *doth beget in* MAY,
When ſtraggling Numbers *court that* joviall day
With early Riot. *No ſuch thing muſt be*
The Subject *of our eaſie* COMEDIE.
What then! a humorous, fiery, red-fac'd Hoſt,
That will diſcourſe his Gueſt *into more coſt*
Then's Cheere *is worth: and lyes with ſo much credit,*
As if 'twere Truths Authoritie, He *ſe'd it.*
Nor this! The AVTHOR *ſurely then intends*
Some Gowne-man *of the* Towne, *that dayly ſpends*
A thrifty Penny, *to preſerve his* Lungs,
For a full Voyce *'midſt the contentious* throngs.
But heere is no ſuch Satyre: *nor is't fit*
Abuſe *ſhould bee the exerciſe of* Wit.
To feaſt your ſenſe *and* minds *for* Cakes *and* Ale,
New, and not ſtal'd with handling, heere's a Tale
Dreſt up of a faire Milke-maid; *whoſe chaſt Theame*
Shall cloſe your ſtomacks *up in ſtead of* Creame.
Cook'ry *and* Wit *are like: the ſelfe ſame Meat*
Delights one's *taſt*, another *cannot eat.*
So 'tis in Fancie's *Worke:* this *loves a* jeſt;
That Language; Matter *pleaſeth* t'other beſt.
Our PLAY'S *not larded with great ſtore of* theſe:
And how the reliſh *of their* ſalt *will pleaſe*
'Tis doubtfull. Yet We *are the leſſe affraid;*
Becauſe Your Reck'ning *is before-hand paid.*

The

The PERSONS.

WORTHGOOD. *A deſerving Gentleman.*
BELLAMIE. *His Miſtriſſe.*
Her Vncle. *An angry countrey gentleman.*
CICELEY. *Siſter to* Worth-good, *but unknowne.*
KEEPER *of* Marrowbone-Parke.
SLIP. *His Man.*
FRANKE. } *Two Courtiers.*
GEORGE. }
CHANGELOVE. *A phantaſtick Gallant.*
STITCHWELL. *A Taylor of the Strand.*
His WIFE.
IAMES. *A wild young gentleman of the Innes of Court.*
SAM. *A fine Gentleman of the Innes of Court, and Brother to* BELLAMIE.
HOSTESSE.
TAPSTER.
SERVANT.
Two Countrey-men.
WENCH.
A PORTER.

THE SCŒNE,
TOTENHAM-COVRT, *and the fields about it.*

TOTEN-



Act. I. *Scœn.* I.

Enter WORTHGOOD *and* BELLAMIE, *as travailing together before day.*

WORTHGOOD.

COme, my *Delight*; let not ſuch painted griefes
Preſſe downe thy ſoule: the darkneſſe but preſents
Shadowes of feare, which ſhould ſecure us beſt From danger of purſuit.

Bella. Would it were day:
My apprehenſion is ſo full of horrour,
I thinke each ſound the ayre's light motion
Makes in theſe thickets, is my Vncles voyce,
Threatning our ruines.

Worth. Let his rage perſiſt
To enterpriſe a vengeance; wee'l prevent it.
Wrap't in the armes of night (that favours Lovers)
We hitherto have ſcap'd his eager ſearch,
And are arriv'd neere *London*. Sure I heare
The Bridges *Catarracts*, and ſuch like murmures
As night and ſleepe yeeld from a popalous number.

Bella. But when will it be day? the light hath comfort:
Our firſt of uſefull ſenſes being loſt,
Thereſt are leſſe delighted.
Worth. Th' early Cocke
Hath ſung his ſummons to the dayes approach:
'Twill inſtantly appeare. Why, ſtartled *Bellamie!*
Bella. Did no amazing ſounds arrive your eare?
Pray liſten.
Worth. Come, come; 'Tis thy *feare* ſu geſt's
Illuſive *fancies:* under *Loves* protection
We may preſume of ſafetie.
Within. Follow, follow, follow. *She ſtartles from him.*
Bel. Ay me, 'tis ſure mine *Vncle.* Deare Love. *Worthgood.*
Wor. Aſtoniſhment gath ſeiz'd my faculties.
My Love, my *Bellamie.* Ha!
Bella. Doſt thou forſake me *Worthgood?*
Exit, as looſing him.
Worth. Where's my Love?
Dart from thy ſilver *Creſcent* one faire *beame*
Through this black ayre thou *Governeſſe* of *night,*
To ſhew me whither ſhe is led by feare.
Thou envious darkneſſe to aſſiſt us hither,
And now prove fatall.
Within. Follow, follow, follow.
Worth. Silence your noyſe, ye clamorous miniſters
Of this injuſtice. *Bellamie* is loſt;
Shee's loſt to me. Nor her fierce *Vncles* rage
Who whets your eagre apthes to purſue me
With threats or promiſes; nor his painted terrors
Of lawes ſeverity, could ever worke
Vpon the temper of my reſolute ſoule,
To ſoften't into feare, till ſhe was loſt: *Hollow within.*
Not all th'illuſive horrors which the night
Preſents unto th'imagination
T'affright a guilty conſcience, could poſſeſſe me,
Whilſt I poſſeſt my *Love:* the diſmall ſhrieks

Of

Of fatall Owles, and groanes of dying Mandrakes,
Whilſt her ſoft palme warm'd mine, were muſicke to me.
And were this hand but once more claſp't in hers,
This ſhould reſiſt th'aſſault, inſpir'd by love
With more then humane vigour.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Worth. Their light appeare's. No ſafety doth conſiſt
In paſſion or complaints. *Night*, let thine armes
Againe receive me; and if no kinde miniſter
Of better fate guide me to *Bellamie*;
Be thou eternall.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Scœne. 2.

Enter Vncle, ſervants and tenants with lights, as purſuing them.

Vnc. Come, wing your haſts: I'le ſweeten all your labours
With large rewards: doe but recover them,
I'le eaſe your rents; exact no coſtly cuſtomes;
Quarrell no more about your commons title.
Good neighbours forward: *London's* not farre off.

1 *Ten.* 'Tis ſo farre off, that I cannot ſee it.

Vncle. The day will ſoone diſcover it.

2 *Ten.* That day is ſure a notable informer; yet I believe
He ſpyes more bad then he mends.

Vncle. Come, follow me this way.

Exit with his ſeruants.

1 *Ten.* Yes, we will follow; but at ſome wiſer diſtance: Stay neighbour let him goe. Shall wee rob our carçaſſes of ſleepe all night, that have beene ſufficiently tyr'd with the dayes toyles, for his reward? what will that be thinke you? a *Chriſtmas* dinner; with a Chine of his great *Oxe* that dy'd at watering of the blayne.

2 *Ten.* You ſay well neighbour:

And a ſtale hare with a great pudding in her belly.

1 *Ten.* And the diſcourſe of his Worſhips hunting her: how many doubles ſhee made, and mock't his Worſhips hope of a better dinner ſo long, till hee thought in his conſcience ſhe was a *Lancaſhire* Witch.

2 *Ten* Yes neighbour, and a choller of Brawne that was fatten'd with ſtale porredge.

1 *Ten.* And a gooſe that broke her necke, creeping through the hedge into the Parſons ſtubble.

2 *Ten.* No neighbour, let the young couple goe, and much joy go with them. Let us take up our reſts in this thicket, or the next houſe; for I am as ſleepy as if I had eaten a Puppie.

1 *Ten.* How, eat a Puppie!

2 *Ten.* Yes, a Puppie; I heard our Landlords Carter ſpeake it laſt *Whitſontide* in a Play.

1 *Ten.* And I am as drouſie as a Conſtable at midnight.

2 *Ten.* Why then reſolv'd: 'twill be day preſently: let's put out the candle, and go to bed, and farewel Landlord. *Exeunt.*

The third Scæne.

Enter BELLAMIE.

Bella. The day begins to breake; and trembling light
As if affrighted with this nights diſaſter,
Steales through the fartheſt ayre, and by degrees
Salutes my weary longings. Yet 'tis welcome,
Though it betray me to the worſt of fate
Love and *deſire* e're ſuffer'd. Oh my *Worthgood*,
Thy preſence would have cheek't theſe paſſions;
And ſhot delight through all the miſts of ſadneſſe,
To guide my feare ſafe through the paths of danger:
But thou art loſt, and all my joyes are fled
Not to returne without thee.

Singing within a farre off.

Bella.

Bella. New feares aſſault me. 'Tis a womans voyce.
She ſings; and in her muſicks cheerefulneſſe
Seemes to expreſſe the freedome of a heart
Not chain'd to any paſſions. Be propitious
Thou regent o're my fate, and guide her hither
Vnto my comfort.

The SONG *within.*

What a dainty life the milke-maid leads?
when over the flowry meades
She dabbles in the dewe,
And ſings to her Cowe;
And feeles not the paine
Of love or diſdaine.
She ſleepes in the night, though ſhe toyles in the day;
And merrily paſſeth her time away.

Bella. What a bleſt ſtate is this? the minds content
Sweeten's all ſufferings of th'afflicted ſenſe.
Thoſe that are bred in labour thinke it ſport
Abone the ſoft delights which wanton appetite
Begets for others, whom indulgent fortune
Prefers in her degrees; though equall nature
Mads all alike. Oh, might I change my miſery
For ſuch a ſhape of quiet.

The fourth Scœne.

To her CICELEY, *as going to milking.*

She comes this way.
Ile venture to accoſt her.

Cice. Ha! what ſilken butterfly's yonder! Shee looks not like one that had kept her ſelfe warme all night at the Brick-kils: yet ſilke petticoates many times are glad with worſe lodging.

Bella. Good morrow maid.

Cice. Should I ſalute you ſo, 'twould bring my wit in queſtion. Pray you what are you?

Bella. A diſtreſt maid.

Cice. A maid at your years, and ſo neere London; where the ſale of one at 15. is as rare as a light wenches converſion. Never an early walking gallant to take you up this morning! The Parke here hath fine conveniences: or *Totenham Court's* cloſe by: 'Tis ſuſpected that fine Citie Ladies give away fine things to Court Lords for a Countrey Banquet there.

Bella. I cannot conſtrue it; my innocence makes underſtanding uſeleſſe. Good mayd, wife or widdow (for ſure you are a woman) doe a courteous office to your ſexe in me, and guide me to *London.*

Cice. It ſeems your are a kinde Countrey Gentlewoman, that have beſtow'd your Maidenhead on your Fathers ſervingman, and are come up to have a Cittizen ſoder your broken ware. The pollicie is growne ſtale: 'twould hardly take ever ſince the Ballad curſt the Carrier that brought her to towne.

Bella. Y'are a bad woman ſure; and from th'abundance of your owne foule ils ſuſpect all others.

Cice. The toy is angry, it would faine counterfeit ſomething: perhaps to inſinuate her ſelfe, and make me her agent. But you are deceiv'd my pretty morſell of wantonneſſe; my ſelfe and my Milke-paile are both honeſt: I have no diſguis'd tone of Come, or threepenny thrip to cloake a procureſſe. I am not the Blades intelligence whether *Franke* or *Moll* remove their lodgings to ſcape the Conſtables ſearch and Bridewell. I will to my Cowes, and leave you to the fate of the morning: deſpaire not of a cuſtomer; but be ſure I catch you not napping; for if I doe, I have leſſe mercy then Prentices at *Shrovetide.* I hate hedge-coupling worſe then faſting at *Chriſtmas*, or a Puritans long Grace over ſhort Commons.

Bella. If you are good, pray ſtay and comfort me.

The

The ſenſe of my diſtreſſe ſtops farther ſpeech.

Cice. Why let but an honeſt Jury (which is a kind of wonder in *Middleſex*) finde you not guilty of any thing that may make compaſſion deafe —alas, the ſownes; poore gentlewoman, bee comforted. Should ſhee miſcarry, I were in danger, having no witneſſe to purge the ſuſpition of being her murdereſſe.

Bella. Worthgood farewell.

Cice. Ha! what ſaid ſhe? *Worthgood!* I have heard my Father often ſpeake that name, and ſigh after it. Alas, ſhe is dead; her breath ſcarce moves.

The fifth Scœne.

To them Keeper and Slip.

Oh Father, you are come in time to ſee me undone: I met this Gentlewoman as I was going to milking, and ſhee is fallen dead. I ſhall be queſtioned.

Keep. Why what is ſhe?

Cice. Nay that's as hard to tell, as the ſucceſſe of my danger. She nam'd one *Worthgood.*

Keep. That word ſtrike's deepe amazement. Is ſhee quite dead!

Cice. Dead as a herring Sir.

Slip. And are not you in a pickle *Cicely?* She is not dead Sir; ſhe breathes.

Keep. She may be recover'd. Pull her by the noſe.

Slip. Pull it off: no matter for ſpoyling her face if ſhee be dead.

Keep. Wring her by the little finger.

Slip. Her little finger is ring'd; and I will wring it from her.

Cice. No robbing the dead *Slip.*

Slip. Why ſhould the dead partake of living ceremonies?

Keep. Caſt water on her face.

Slip.

Slip. Blow winde in her face. Can water make one alive that's dead? unleſſe it be hot water.

Keep. Her ſpirits are return'd; give her more ayre.

Slip. A womans ſpirits? they are divelliſh ſure: I had beſt conjure them backe againe.

Bella. Where am I! what a pleaſant viſion
Pleas'd my dead ſlumbers, and preſented joyes.
As I was paſſing through th'eternall ſhades
Towards *Eliſium*, one of fates Miniſters
Told me I ſhould returne; and this ſame day
Enjoy my *Worthgood*.

Keep. What's he ſhould own that name! I wonder and doubt
Have rais'd a warre within me, Looke up miſtris:
You ſhall not want what comfort we can give you.

Bella. Defend me gentle powers: yet yee ſhall never
O'retake my heart: thats ſtill with *Worthgood*.

Keep. For ſome bleſt Oracle to unfold the meaning
Of this ſo oft repeated name.

Bella. Ere you returne me to my angry Vncle,
My ſoule ſhall flie and meet with his embraces.

Keep. What meane you gentlewoman?

Bella. You are murderers
Of that content in me goodneſſe would cheriſh,
You ſerve the purpoſes of a paſſionate man
For baſe reward; and that ſhall render you
Baſe to opinion.

Slip. Pray ſir, let mee conjure downe this Divell in her tongue; 'twill raiſe tempeſts elſe. Murderers, and baſe! Pray Gentlewoman, to whom ſpeake you all this?

Bella. To you, the injurers of my true love
And *Worthgoods*.

Keep. Miſtris, we know you not; and all your words
Appeare diſtraction: Nor can they ſatisfie
Our yet amazement.

Bella. If you are not ſuch
As my too fearefull apprehenſion thought you,

Pray

Pray, what are ye?

Keep. Such as doe compaſſionate
Your feeling ſorrowes, and would comfort you.

Bella. You'l then performe an act of piety
Worthy record. Since my diſtreſſe hath made me
The object of your pitty; pray conduct me
To ſome neere houſe, for I am wondrous faint.

Keep. Goe home with her daughter; uſe your beſt care in adminiſtring to her: we know not what fate depends upon it. When I have walkt the round I'le returne. *Exeunt.*

Slip. But pray *Ciceley*, withall, neglect not my breakfaſt. Riſing early and walking gets us good ſtomacks: yet I could be content to faſt with ſuch lac'd mutton and a good cullice more then halfe a morning.

Keep. What paſſions fight within me, that beget
Severall conſtructions of this accident?
But what my hope interprets cannot be.
How apt is miſery to dreame that bleſſings
Are all immediate, and no underworkings
Of meanes and counſell! I'le not flatter it;
(Tis but th'eff. & of paſſion) but returne
To my delight of labour. Saw you the heard
Laſt night ſirrah?

Slip. Yes, ſir.

Keep. And how fed they?

Slip. With their mouthes.

Keep. You'l not leave your ſawcie wit, untill it be beaten out of you.

Slip. 'Twould be but ſawcily done of it to leave me ſo: but if it wil not keepe me from beating, I'le keepe it no longer; but be mannerly. The deare fed well ſir, onely a miſchance. Some Cuckolds curre (for I ſaw him run towards London) had pull'd downe two or three young deare.

Keep. And what did you with them?

Slip. I ſent a Fawne to a wanting poet, a friend of mine; who I preſume will make profitable uſe of it. Dreſſe it in

ſome lamentable *Epitaph* and dedicate to his ſingle: whoſe compaſſion te bounty muſt redeeme his lavender'd plush, and commend him againe to converſe with ſacke and good company.

Keep. You have ſurely glean'd from that Poet.

Slip. Something to make people laugh at me.

Keep. What did you with the reſt?

Slip. A longing Lady in the ſtrand had a *pricket*. Then I ſent a *ſoare* to Barber-Surgeons Hall. A little *ſoare* makes them a great feaſt.

Keep. Well ſirrah, round you the ſouth ſide oth' Parke; and meet me at the great Oake. I'le this way.

The ſixth Scœne.

To them WORTHGOOD *very penſive.*

Slip. Pray ſtay ſir, who comes yonder?

Keep. Hee ſeemes a diſcontented Gentleman. Some dueller perhaps.

Slip. Some hot ſpur'd Gallant, that got a drunken feaver laſt night, and muſt bleed this morning.

Keep. Perhaps to revenge an affront done his Miſtris.

Slip. His common Miſtris you meane ſir.

Keep. It needs no adjective, the ſenſe is common enough.

Slip. So is the creature; a Cart take them. They have infected more honeſt Alehouſes with bad names, then Cakes and Creame will ever reſtore againe. A wench is growne a neceſſary appendix to two pots at *Totenham Court*.

Keep. To your walke ſirrah. I'le obſerve him.

Slip. And I'le home to obſerve how I can ſleepe after early riſing. If my maſter ſhould catch me napping, 'tis but dreaming a lie to excuſe it. I'le perſwade him 'tis as true Prophecie as *Bookers* Almanacke. *Exit.*

Worth. After ſo many longings to ſalute
The welcome light, it hath betray'd my ſenſe

To

To worſe affliction, then if fights privation
Had made it uſeleſſe; ſince it wants the object
Can both delight and feed it, Back bluſhing morne
To thy *Mygdonian* bed; there ſhake the dew
From thy wet locks; and teach thy guilty ſhame
To dye that red in an eternall black,
Vnleſſe it bring more comfort.

Keep. Diſcontent
Rides on his forehead; and doth ſeeme to trample
Vpon his ſoules dejection. Would I knew him.
Good morrow Sir.

Worth. Ha! tis a faire ſalute.
I doe returne your wiſh.

Keep. Sir, you muſt pardon me
If I ſeeme curious in ſome few demands.
My office and this place are priviledge
For more then queſtions. Pray Sir what are you?

Worth. This ſure is *Marrowbone-Parke*, and he the Keeper.
A Gentleman that comes not to offend you.
I ſpoyle no game: you ſee I am unfurniſh'd
Of inſtruments for ſuch a wanton miſchiefe.

Keep. But Sir, without a better ſatisfaction
I muſt ſuſpect you ſtill. Mere recreation
To walke for health ſeldome invites young Gallants
To leave their beds ſo early. I muſt have more.

Worth. Muſt ſawcie groome! can any patience
Conſter it manners? Your rude compulſion ſhall not
Enforce me to expreſſe ſo weake a ſpirit,
Whilſt I have hands, and this.

Keep. At that guard Sir?
Then this muſt countercheck it. Either tell me
Your name, condition, and your buſines here;
By my juſt anger for this ſoule provoking
I ſhall not ſpare you elſe.

Worth. How happie now
Might this occaſion make me, were ſhe loſt

Beyond that hope which whiſpers her yet ſafety!
I muſt preſerve my ſelfe. Yet if thou triumph'ſt
In my ſubmiſſion, 'cauſe I had rather loſe
A little outward credit to prevent
Worſe miſchiefe, know I can deviſe revenge,
Shall be a faire example for baſe difference
From the pretence of any borrowed power
To overdoe it's duty. My name's *Worthgood*.

Keep. Enough; that word hath power to check the force
Of any paſſion, though the hotteſt rage
Enflam'd it to be active.

Worth. Heer's a change.
Why ſure my name's a ſpell. How it hath calm'd
The tempeſt of his fury!

Keep. What blacke ſtarre
Was found th'aſcendant in my crooked birth:
That all my lifes ſad accidents ſhould be
Such pregnant ils begetting one another!
One ſuddaine raſhneſſe in a moment might
Perhaps have ruin'd him my dutie honours:
Making this hand a mover to his death,
Whoſe life I ought to cheriſh.

Worth. What would'ſt elſe?

Keep. Nothing but pardon Sir; or if you pleaſe
Th'occaſion brought you hither. Loſt you no company?

Worth. It cannot ſure be feare that makes me jealous.
I dare the worſt of fate. Be he an actor
In my purſuite, I'le venture all at once:
I have loſt a Gentlewoman, and doubt her ſafety:
If any chance hath guided you to find her,
Doe not delay my ſatisfaction.

Keep. I joy that chance made me the inſtrument
Of ſuch a good. Pleaſe you to follow me.
I'le guid you to this penſive one, that grieves
More your fear'd loſſe then her owne miſery.
She nam'd you oft; when (by her fit tranſported)

Reco-

Recovering from a ſowne, ſhe thought her ſelfe
Surpriz'd by ſome that meant her injurie.
Worth. Shall I give faith? my reſolution's mad;
Yet it ſhall trye th'event. Deſpaire may bring
A good ſucceſſe to an indifferent thing. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. *Scœn.* 1.

Enter FRANKE *and* GEORGE, *as walking to* TOTENHAM-COVRT.

George.

FIe *Franke*; there's ſuch a diſproportion,
'Twill nere be brought to an equalitie.
Fr. Why *George*, doſt think th'exterior goods of fortune,
Or titular greatneſſe that derives it ſelfe
From larger ſprings, and flow's to ſwell the blood
With attributes of gentle, or of noble
Can make the difference ſuch, that the free ſoule
Muſt have the limits of her large deſires
Preſcrib'd by them? Nature's impartiall:
And in her worke of man prefer's not names
Of aunceſtors. She ſometimes formes a piece
For admiration from the baſeſt earth
That holds a ſoule: and to a Beggars iſſue
Gives thoſe perfections make a beauty up;
When purer molds poliſh'd and g'oſs'd with titles,
Honours and wealth, beſtow upon their bloods
Deform'd impreſſions; objects onely fit
For ſport or pitty.
Geo. Yet never can the mixture
Of gold with clay make any tranſformation
Of that baſe matter into purer metall,

Fran. The *Chymiſtry* of Love can ſurely doe it.
Wedlocke conferres all honour that's a huſbands
Vpon his wife.

Geor. And therefore you will marry,
A milke wench; one that's drudge vnto neceſſitie.
'Twould be a credit to that long continuance
Of noble matches which your aunceſtors
Have link'd to the chaine of their owne bloods,
To make the *ſeries* of their Families
Spread in ſo many glorious diviſions.
Come, let my counſell guide theſe paſſive fires
To flame aright, and ſend their *Pyramids*
More upwards. Let the groſſer ſtuffe that feeds them,
By an inverſion, choake them. From advice
Men muſt chooſe wives, not paſſion.

Fran. She is faire:
Vpon her perſon all the graces waite,
And dance in rings about her. Her bright eye
Is Loves chiefe manſion where he keepes his Court.
Envy not faire ones, if my fancie doth
Give all your dues to her, ſave onely thoſe
Which your defects ſupply from wanton art.
Her white and red ſhe borrow's not from any
Coſmetique drugs; nor puzzles the invention
Of learn'd practitioners for oyle of *Talxe*
To blanch an *Ethiops* skin. Lillies and Roſes
Are figures fitting common beauties: hers
Wants a compariſon but its proper ſelfe.

Geo. You ſwell her praiſe too high; ſo meane a ſubject
fits not theſe raptures.

Fran. Shee's a ſubject, *George*,
For larger volumes then invention
Yet ever fill'd with flattering hyperboles.
The very thought of her hath ſtrain'd my heart-ſtrings
Vp to a pitch of joy; whoſe muſicke makes
My ſpleene dance luſty meaſures.

Geor.

Geo. If ſhe be
So rare a piece, her low condition
Makes me ſuſpitious ſhee's ſome common wanton
Lurks in that maske for ſafety.
Fran. Did not friendſhip
Reſtrain't, I ſhould be angry: nay more; puniſh
So great a ſin againſt her innocence.
I have laid all the baits that might entice
Apt inclination to ſweet wickedneſſe;
But could not catch her that way. She hath ſhund them
With witty ſcorne, and ſuch imperious checks
Have made me bluſh at my intentions foulneſſe;
Which now is cleer'd with noble reſolution
To give my hot deſires their ſatisfaction
In faire embraces, ſuch as the reverence
Of lawfull Wedlock ſweetens.
Geor. Vertuous policie.
Kill reputation, that you may preſerve
A little better conſcience. Any judgement
Would make a faire conſtruction of my life,
That ſurfets in delights, and playes the Epicure
In all varietie and choyce of pleaſures
Sooner then of thy act. Where ills doe want
A faire excuſe (as thine doth) they are doubled.
Fran. When thou haſt ſeene her, thou wilt
ſoone acknowledge
In what a milſy error thy invectives
Have loſt themſelves.
Geo. Nay rather hide her from me,
She may raiſe motions; and if I ſhould rivall thee
I muſt be ſerv'd: nothing waſere devis'd
To fright libidinous nature from it's proneneſſe,
That can reſtraine me.
Fran. Shal't not make me jealous?
Her ſoule is guarded with ſo many vertues
Temptations cannot batter it: and i'th' way

Of

Of noble love (thongh yet ſhe never ſung
The muſicke of conſent) I dare preferre
My ſelfe the firſt accepted.
Geor. Still be confident.

The ſecond Scæne.

To them CHANGLOVE, STITCHVVELL, *and his* WIFE.

But who comes yonder?
Fran. Some Citie loving couple.
Geor. What's that Gallant?
Fran. Surely 'tis Will *Changelove*;
The *Proteus* of affection: one that vary's
As many ſhapes of love as there are objects.
But what that ſhee-thing is I doe not know.
Geo. She ſeems a handſome piece. That opportunity
Would play the Bawd a little.
Fran. You'd be nibbling.
Changlove is my acquaintance. If they come this way (as 'tis moſt likely *Tottenham-Court's* the end of their early walking) I'le be thy introduction. Let's walke ſoftly.
Geor. Whilſt I doe ruminate ſome policie.
Stitch. Beſides the recreation Sir, 'tis healthfull.
Chang. Indeed ſloth duls the ſpirits activeneſſe.
And too much ſleeping blunts the ſenſes quickneſſe;
Though ſome be very needfull; their affects
Are the preſervers of their inſtruments.
I love early riſing.
Mris. St. But me thinks a nap in a morning's good.
Cha. True Mris. *Stitchwell*; when the braine hath purg'd
It ſelfe of groſſer fumes, the fancy yeeld's
Such ſolace to the inward waking ſenſe
In pleaſant dreames, that I have often wiſh'd
Thoſe ſhadowes reall which they have preſented;

Or

Or their continuance to eternitie.
Indeed I love to ſleepe in the morning.

Stitch. But ſtirring and exerciſe, I ſay.

Wife. I would you would vſe it in bed then.

Stitch. I tell you Mr. *Changelove* though I am a Taylor I keepe ſervants that are ſtout knaves. I love them well, and they looke well to my buſineſſe. On holydayes I give them leave to uſe exerciſe.

Wife. Yes husband, your finiſher is as pretty a fellow as ever did tradeſman or his wife ſervice. He pitcheth the barr, and throws the ſtone; it doth me good to think of it.

Stitch. I have a *Corniſh*-Lad that wraſtles well, and hath brought home Rabbets every *Bartholmew*-tide theſe five yeares. At ſtoole ball I have a *North-weſt* ſtrippling ſhall deale with ever a boy in the ſtrand.

Change. Now you ſpeake of a ball, I would wee had one here; tis a commendable exerciſe: the great Phyſitian *Galen* wrote a booke *de exercitatione parva pila.*

Wife. What's that, pray ſir?

Change. Concerning the exerciſe of the little ball.

Wife. It ſeems great Phyſitians will buſie themſelves about ſmall things: but they are not of my mind.

Geor. How lik'ſt the project?

Fran. As the end proves it; howſoever, it promiſeth fairely.

Geo. They are arriv'd: let us prepare our ſelves.

Fran. Mr. *Changelove*; a happy day follow this pleaſant morning.

Change. Worthy friend, I returne your ſalute with double wiſhes: pray know this Gentleman and his bedfellow.

Fran. The day muſt needs bee fortunate, that begins with ſuch faire Omens.

Wife. I pray ſir, why doth that Gentleman ſhun your company? I hope we fright him not. It had beene manners to ſalute me.

Fran. He alwayes doth that by Attourney Miſtris.

Wife. Then I muſt pay the fees.

Fran. The truth is, he is a great woman-hater.

Wife. Now out upon him. I thought he was gelt, hee is ſo fat. Beaſt that I was to be ſo unmercifull to a dumb thing; I had a dog ſerv'd ſo for the ſame purpoſe.

Fran. It is a diſpoſition in his will,
Not a defect of power.

Stitch. How ſaid you ſir? cannot that Gentleman indure women?

Fran. Hardly their ſight at diſtance. 'Tis affliction
Vnto his very ſoule to heare their vertues
Diſcourſt, unleſſe in ſcorne.

Change. A ſtrange unmanly humour: I love not that.

Wife. May all the curſes our injur'd ſexe can ſtudy, fall upon him for it: and I thinke we can curſe.

Frank. I know, to him my company is deare;
And our intentions have the ſelfe ſame end
Of mutuall enjoying: now, with what dejection
He doth expect I ſhould divide my ſelfe
From you, may be conceiv'd.

Wife. I beſeech you kind ſir leave us not.

Change. I ſhould love ſome witty plot upon him.

Frank. He is my friend: yet I would gladly ayde
In any eaſie miſchiefe, that might ayme
At his reclaiming.

Wife. Let's get him arraign'd as one was in a play. Let me alone to aggravate his inditement to the Jury; which ſhall be twelve Midwives of my acquaintance: yet He be ſworne I never us'd any of them.

Change. I have it.

Stitch. Pray firſt heare mine: let's run to *Tottenham-Court* for a wager.

Fran. 'Tis excellent; ſo his groſſe bodies toyle
To follow us, ſhall be our laughter.

Stitch. Right: or if he ſtay behind, let my wife alone to vexe him.

Change.

Chang. Let's run then: 'tis a brave *Olympicke* exercise;
I love it well; but how shall we dispote
Of all these cumbers?

Fran. Let us not be foot-men.

Change. Indeed a seeming careleſſe stay'd formalitie
In such like wantonneſſes best becomes
A gentleman. I love it.

Fran. Forwards then.

Chang. The wager?

Stitch. Every man his dozen. *Exeunt running.*

Wife. Why sweetheart; why husband; why *Iohn*; doe you leave your Wife behind, to bee taken up by every body? Now the love of mans society defend mee from this abuſer of creation. Come not neere mee thou man of clouts; thou maulkin of virilitie; thou halfe woman, and all beast: or with these nayles I will teare out thine eyes, and all the double things are left about thee.

Geor. Be milder gentle mistris. There's nothing in me
Appears unto my selfe so full of guilt
It should deserve reproach from you a stranger.

Wife. There's nothing in you indeed sir; your friend hath given me your character. You pretend to hate women, because women have reason to hate you.

Geo. I hate women!
Now by my love of pleasure, no delight
Hath any reliſh on the wanton palat
Of my desires; unleſſe some mixture season it
That is deriv'd from them.

Wife. Yes sir; you may take delight in them, but they little in you. Come not too neere, there's infection in it: my blood desires no freezing. The Summer of my youth is not yet halfe spent; or if it were Autumne with mee, high feeding and ease requires something.

Geo. She takes me for an Eunuch. Sure my friend
Hath overdone his part; and drawne the counterfeit
Too neere the life of truth. Sweet Mistris heare

The language of my heart that cannot gloſſe
My plainer thoughts with ſuperficiall words.
I love you; my deſires are throughly fir'd,
And burne my bloud: which but your free enjoying
Nothing can quench.

Wife. Why, I am a woman ſir.

Geo. I thinke you are; and one made up for pleaſure,
More then the dull converſe of what's defective.

Wife. You ſay true ſir: I heare it with a heavy heart. But I hope ſir, you would not have me make my husband a Cuckold.

Geo. Fie, that's a groſſe conſtruction; onely ſhame
And common knowledge doth it, not the act
Of a Wifes wantonneſſe.

Wife. I need no inſtructions for ſecrecie. Truſt mee a handſome Gentleman. The wickedneſſe of his friend to beleeve him ſo. Dare you kiſſe me ſir?

Geo. A pledge for what ſhould follow.

Wife. You ſhall doe what you will with me, but making my husband Cuckold.

Geo. No more of that. Nay, this way.

Wife. What, back againe! No by my Strand-honeſty. Ile to *Totenham-court* after my husband. If there be that neceſſity at any time that I muſt make my husband a Cuckold, I'le doe it before his face: any Citizens Wife can doe it behind her husbands backe.

Geo. Your will diſpoſeth mine: we there may finde
Handſome conveniences; and I'le renew
My counterfeit of woman-hater: it
May caſt a miſt before his jealous eyes
Would watch us elſe. *Exeunt.*

The third Scœne.

Enter CICELEY *and* BELLAMIE *in one anothers clothes.*

Cice. I hope y'are ſatisfied: but to what end this change ſhould ſerve, I would faine be inſtructed.

Bella. I'le tell you. When we fear'd purſuit, we left our horſes, and the high way. The horſes are ſurely found; and by them my being hereabouts may bee conjectur'd. Now this diſguiſe ſhall helpe me to ſcape their ſearch.

Cice. Now out upon't. Had I no better an opinion of your honeſtie, then of your wit (both which ſmell all together of the countrey) I would againe leave you to ſeeke out your owne danger. You have gentle-fide mee with your clothes; and you are handſome enough in mine: for though I am but a milke-wench, I ever lov'd neatneſſe. Now you ſhall perſonate my maid, and wait upon me to London; I'le perſonate you, and if any thing riſe from the miſtake, wee'l turne it to the beſt uſe. If I finde not out your ſweet-heart, let me never be counted a Propheteſſe: and I am ſure I have foretold weather from the turning up of my Cowes tayle.

Bella. Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe. I dare the worſt
Of my malicious. Now love hath arm'd me
With better reſolution.

Cice. In this diſguiſe Ile meet the Gallant courts me every morning at *Tottenham-Court*, and ſound the depth of his pretended honeſt meaning. My condition is to low to win upon his deſires to marry me: and the other thing without it, he ſhall never have.

Within. Why *Ciceley*, *Ciceley*, I ſay my breakfaſt A quick ſupply of meat, drinke and ſleepe, or I rage preſently.

Bella. Bleſſe me, who's that?

Cice. My fathers man.

Bella. Hee'l ſpoyle all. *To them Slipp haſtily.*

Cice. Be you confident.

Slip. Where's this Maggoti-pie of *Marrowbone*? Come you cleane wash't chitterling, and give mee my breakfast. How now *Ciceley*, where hath your face beene? at the painters? Hay-day; *Ciceley's* owne face, and this Mistris dye for love *Ciceley*-side. Now I sweare by hunger (and that's a strong oath) I thinke women have more fegaries then the Divel would have Clients, if he were a Lawyer and pleaded without fees.

Cice. Keepe counsell sirrah you had best; and if my father aske for mee, tell him I will not bee lost long. So fare you well, *Exeunt.*

Slip. You will not bee lost long: hee is likely to have a sweet match of it that finds you. Yet I could be content my seaven yeares service might bee so rewarded. But the baggage is as coy as an Aldermans eldest daughter: shee hath beaten me a hundred times (coward as I was for suffering it) for attempting to kisse her. But now I will revenge it upon her Creame-bowles; over whose sweets I will triumph.

The fourth Scœne.

To him KEEPER, WORTHGOOD.

New mischiefe; I am againe delayd. If I forbeare my breakfast but two minutes longer, my guts will shrinke into minikins: which I bequeath the poore Fidlers at *Totenham-Court*, for a May-dayes Legacie.

Keep. Y'are welcome to this roofe; too meane a covering
For such a guest.

Worth. Your first sir hath inriteh't it.
And hallowed it into a Temple. Pray sir,
Conduct me to the Altar, where I may
Pay the due sacrifice of my desires
To her; and thanks to you.

Keep.

Keep. *Slip*, call my daughter.

Slip. Which daughter ſir? your daughter gentlewomen, or your gentlewoman daughter?

Keep. Your trifling's unſeaſonable ſirrah.

Slip. Why ſir, *Cicely's* no more plaine *Cicely*, but *Cicely* in lac't ſattin. The gentlewoman and ſhe are run out of themſelves one into another.

Keep. But where are they?

Slip. For ought I know, run away one with another.

Keep. Run you after, and call them back.

Slip. 'Tis impoſſible: who knowes which way they are gone. Beſides, 'tis a miſt would choake a brewers horſe; I cannot ſee one hand for the other.

Worth. Sir, my ſuſpition prompts me you are trecherous:
And theſe faire ſeeming undertakings traps
To catch me.

Keep. Sir, you make a worſe conſtruction
Of my good meaning, then ſo faire expreſſions
Can any way deſerve. Pray ſir goe with me,
Wee'l overtake them.

Worth. I will ſhare the paines;
And venture once againe to try you thorowly.

Keep. Follow you ſirrah. *Exeunt.*

Slip. A killing command. The beſt is, it will breake my heart, no matter then for my belly. Hunger, I defie thee revenge I bugg thee. I will lead you a wild-gooſe chaſe, til we come to *Toten-ham-Court*; where I will ſcore two'do zen, and reckon with mine hoſteſſe maid, whoſe belly I hav rais'd with nmbles. *Exit.*

The fifth Scene.

Enter STITCHVVELL, FRANCK, CHANGLOVE.

Franck. You are the *Olympian*, ſir.

Stitch. Doe you thinke Gentlemen I'd let you out-ſtrip me at exerciſe? I'le ſtump with ye for a dozen more.

Change:

Change. Pray Sir let's jump: I love it mightily.

Frank. My breaths not yet recover'd. By this time ſir, your Wife hath converted my friend to a civiller diſpoſition.

Stitch. Let her alone. If ſhe doe it n ot, I durſt forſweare exerciſe; and that would be the greateſt vexation.

Fran. Greater then if your maid ſhould drop the candle on your feſtivall ſattin doublet?

Chang. Or the Cats piſſe upon your Military feather?

Frank. Or an inferiour neighbour be prefer'd for a common counſell man?

Stitch. Meere trifles to the forbearing of exerciſe.

Frank. Or if a gallant ſhould deale with your wife in your abſence for body covering, and give her Court payment.

Stitch. A very likely matter. She that goe's thrice a weeke to morning exerciſe, and will make repetition over ſweet meates at a goſſipping. I tell ye gentlemen, I have truſted her to a Maske, and the Innes a Court revelling: ſhe knew the way home agen without a Cryer. She hath converted a hundred of her purer neighbours, by her example.

To them Tapſter.

Frank. Heere's more then Citie confidence. But ſhall we enter?

Tap. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

To them Wife, preſently George.

Chang, A handſome roome ſirrah.

Tapſt. The beſt in the houſe ſir. *Exit.*

Frank. Your Wife's come, ſir.

Stitch. Welcome ſweet-heart.

Wife. Kinde gentlemen, hold my heart, oh. Nay one at once: pray hold it hard, oh!

Stitch. Whats the matter chucke?

Wife. Oh my breath: there's not ſo much wind left in me, as would make a noiſe to bee exerciſ'd with the creaking of ones ſhoo: oh. You are a kinde husband to leave mee be-

behind. Had it beene with one that had lov'd a woman, ſhew'd her the neereſt way, or laid her down upon his cloake when ſhe had beene weary. But I thinke I fitted him.

Fran. And beſhrew him if he fitted not you.

Chang. Here he is likewiſe.

Fran. You blow hard *George.*

Stitch. Come Gentlemen, ſhall we walke in.

Geor. I would enjoy my friend a little heere.

Wife. You ſhall enjoy your friend ſir. *Exeunt.*

Fran. And what ſucceſſe?

Geor. Why doſt not heare her promiſe?
You ſhall enjoy your friend. Shee's plyant *Franke*
Vnto my wiſhes: nothing now remaines
But to deceive her husband; thou muſt ayd me.

Frank. Would'ſt have me Pandarize?

Geor. I'le doo't for thee.
Theſe are ſweet ſins, and onely doe intend
The pleaſure of deſire, which would be kill'd
With two much ſcrupple.

The ſixth Scæne.

To them CICELEY *and* BELLAMIE.

What are theſe?

Bella. What place is this? a common Ale-houſe?

Cice. Feare you nothing, but put on confidence.

Fran. I have ſeene that face, the figure's in my heart.
'Tis ſurely ſhe: her habit cannot mock
My knowing ſenſe. I'le venture on the tryall.

Geo. This is his Milke-maid ſure. I ſtill ſuſpected
'Twas ſome diſguis'd name to conceale a Miſtris.
Now by my life ſhee's faire; I envy him;
And my deſires have almoſt tempted me
To put in for a ſhare: but friendſhip checks it.
Shee may perhaps be vertuous, and well borne;

And worthy his resolves: my Citie beauty
Shall serve at this time.
Fran. Didst thou think that maske
Could veile thee from my soules distinguishing?
Wherein thy form's impresst, which fancie shewes me
At every change of thoughts.
Cice. Clothes have not alter'd
My person nor condition. I am still
Plaine *Cicely*, and your hand-maid. This exchange
Proceeds but from an honest merriment:
And when you understand the story right,
You'l make a faire construction.
Fran. 'Twere a sinne
To thinke amisse of thee; teares cannot expiate.
When thou art mine, I'le feed thy appetite
With pleasures best variety. Taylors dayly
Shall shape proportions for thy dainty body,
To make invention pregnant of new fashions.
Th' Exchange shall be thy Wardrobe to supply
Thy will with choyce of dressings. t'hearken out
A jewell to adorne thee, if the value
Exceede not my estate; I'le sell it all
To purchase thy content.
Cice. Your promises
Are much too large. My too unworthy service
Cannot deserve to be commanded by you.
Gallant I'le trye you.
Fran. Th' extasie hath made me
Forget my friend: 'tis thee *George* chang'd in habit.
Geo. I am your servant faire one, and my heart
Vow's an obedience when your commands
Affigne me any taske.
Bella. I doe not like
The courtship of these gallants: 'tis grosse flattery,
And tends I feare to ill.
Fran. Come dearest will you

Accept

Accept the entertainment of this place?
Some worthy company within expects me.

Cice. I shall straine modesty, you excusing it.
Come maid.

Bella. Why should I feare; that have defence
From *Worthgoods* love, and mine own innocence? *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 1.

TAPSTER, IAMES, SAM.

Tapster.

Y'Are welcome Gentlemen.

Iam. Now my parrat of froth, whose mouth is lin'd with tapestry, what company is in the house?

Tap. None of your acquaintance but Mr. *Changelove.*

Iam. Will Changelove? prethee call him hither.

Tap. I shall sir; By and by. Some stew'd prunes for the two costive Citizens in the Bulls head; and more rowles for the three Taylors in the *Smithfield*-Lyon.

Jam. How shall we spend the day *Sam?* *Exit.*

Sam. Let's home to our studies and put cases.

Iam. Hang cases and bookes that are spoyl'd with them. Give me *Iohnson* and *Shakespeare*; there's learning for a gentleman. I tell thee *Sam*, were it not for the dancing-schoole and Play-houses, I would not stay at the Innes of Court for the hopes of a chiefe Iustice-ship.

Sam. Time would be better spent in reading lawes,
Teaching our knowledge how to argue doubts:
For in our after-states such may arise
That without policies helpe may ruine it.

Iam. Formalitie; a grave youth in a gowne. Thou think'st 'tis becomming to walke thus to *Totenham-Court*, and at

hom: ſo punctuall in confo. mitie. I had rather a French con-
ſumption ſhould weare my hayre off then a round cap.

Sam. 'Tis not to make it my profeſſion,
(Although in ſome it be moſt neceſſary)
(For how can government and lawes ſubſiſt
Without their miniſters, whoſe skill and judgement
Diſtinguiſh right from wrong) but to be able
To man. ge what's mine owne, as time ſhall ſend it.
You are likely to inherit faire poſſeſſions,
Gain'd by a fathers induſtry: perhaps
With ſome contention, and conveyances
May be defective: wer't not better faire
Your ſelfe could underſtand it, then to truſt
The honeſty or skill of a bought counſel?

Iam. Hang ſtate: I tooke no paines to get, why then ſhould I take any to keep it? if it will ſtay, ſo 'tis: if not, Shop-keepers that will truſt, ſhall be paid when they can get it. A law of neceſſity *Sam*, and alwayes in force with Gallants.

Sam. I had rather heare another reſolution.

The third Scœne.

To them CHANGELOVE.

Iam. Will Changelove, well met at *Totenham-Court*. What made thee riſe ſo early?

Chang. The company of halfe a man: expound my Riddle, and be a whole *Oedipus*.

Iam. It muſt be more then thy Taylor.

Change. Right, his Wife; who being halfe of himſelfe, makes up the third part a halfe man. I love his company man, and pay him with nothing but courteſies: a *Totenham-Courts* kindneſſe is principall, intereſt and ſecurity.

Iam. What ſhall we drinke? Ale?

Chang:

Chan. I love it best; the old English naturall drinke. But can this gentleman study after Ale?

Sam. If I avoid the excesse.

Iam. Ale's muddy: what thinke you of Beere?

Chang. I love Beere best. The planting of hoppes was a rare projection in the Dutch; it hath taught some of them English naturally.

Iam. Shall wee hunt to day *Will?* I heard the common crye abroad.

Chan. Hunting! 'tis sport to make immortall actives
Even in the dullest Earth. A well-mouth'd crye
Out-does the *Spheares* in Musique. Gods themselves
Have left their fabulous Heaven, to put on
The shapes of hunters; courting such delights
In these disguises, that hath made them wish
Th'exchange of their ethereall government
To live with morralls. I love hunting dearly.
What saith your friend?

Sam. Indeed sir, my affection
Is better pleas'd with solitary studie:
A sober mornings walke, is exercise
Enough for me.

Chan. You are to be commended.
Why, Contemplation is the very being
Of Mans delight: it shewes his nobler part:
Converse with things divine; the nimble soule
Climbs by it to a height of happinesse.
I must confesse I love it. *Musique.*

Iam. Is there Musique with the company you left?

Chan. And good too: 'tis company of that curiositie, ordinary stuffe will not please them.

Iam. Would thou wouldst entermee into their acquaintance; we might have a dance.

Enter STITCHVVELL, FRANKE, CHANGLOVE.

Chan. Why, I love dancing too. Agilitie
Commends the good composure of one's bodie.

And gracefull garbs are taking. No perfection
Doth make the object of a handsome man
So pleasing in a Ladies eye, as Dancing.
This Room's more spacious: I'le invite them hither.

The third Scene.

To them FRANKE, CICELEY, STITCHVVELL, WIFE, BELLAMIE, *and* GEORGE *behind the women.*

They have prevented me.

Frank. The room's polleft.

Sam. You may command a resignation.

Iam. Please you t'admit us; we would fame partake
Your worth and company.

Frank. Your friends *with Changelove?*

Chang. Yes, noble sir.

Frank. They'r welcome to my knowledge.
Numbers addition will increase our mirth,
And swell it to more height.

Bella. Arme me now confidence,
And teach my tongue, that never spake untruth
From a consideration, practise lying,
And the denyall of my proper selfe.
It is my brother, he'l discover me.

Sam. 'Tis surely she: they'r all her lineaments.
Had I ne're seene her; had not knowing sense
Power to distinguish, naturall instinct
Would tell me 'tis my sister. Why disguis'd?
And why come hither? it hath wrapt my reason
In mists of wonder. Yet I cannot feare
She hath betray'd her honour to base wantonnesse.
She had a guard of vertues; else hypocrisie
Taught her to seeme a Saint, and paint that goodnesse
With a false colour. Know you not my sweet heart?

Bella.

Bella. No indeed sir.

Sam. Is not your name *Bellamie*?

Bella. Neither sir.

Sam. Deny't her selfe.
There's something in't above my reach of feare.
Passion forbeare me, and I'le worke with policie,
To find the scope of all.

Cice. A sweet young Gentleman.
Is this your sweet-heart maid?

Sam. Is she your servant?
I would have cal'd her kinswoman for resemblance
She hath with one of mine.

Cice. Your Aunt or Cosin?

Sam. Meanes she in the mysticall sense of ill?

Iam. Shall we dance gentlemen? Musicknesse, and let a sive nesse freze! Shall I use you sweet Mistris?

Wife. Kindly sir, or I am waspish. A waspe you know hath a sting.

Iam. Please that grosse gentleman?

Wife. By no meanes sir: dancing will hurt his *Sciatica*.

Iam. Doe you know him then?

Wife. Yes, and will know him better if he come neere me.
He is one into whom the spirit of *Swetnam's* crept.
I hope sir you are of a kinder disposition to our sexe.

Iam. Yours Mistris I am for their company any way.

Stitch. Pray sir let's goe nearer the women.

Geor. Pray sir forbeare: you'l not compell me rudely.
Perhaps ther's an aversion in my nature,
The company of women's mine affliction.

Stitch. My wife shall vexe you then.

Chang. And I love Mans societie: solid soules,
Void of all light impressions; whose discourse
Tends not to superficiall complements,
But hath more sense then sound.

Fran. You are for dancing;
Possesse my roome.

Chang.

Chang. The womens creature sir.
There's Magick in their company that charmes
All masculine affections, but of pleasure
In their enjoying. I'le spin or thread their needles;
Read *Spenser* and th' *Arcadia* for their company.

Wife. I'le dance with you Mr. *Changeluve.*

Stitch. One cup more, Ile be for the exercise.

Wife. You'l have more anon husband, then your head will well carry.

Geo. She meanes hornes.
Which if I faile to give her, may I turne
Chastities convert, and be mortifi'd
From my concupiscence with hourely discipline.

They dance.

Wife. Why how now husband? you'l be tippled presently.

Stit. Hold good wife, before strangers? T'other dozen, and then I'm gone.

Wife. I would you were gone once for me.

Geor. So would I.

Stit. Gentlemen, a health to——

Fran. Whom sir?

Stit. All the Cuckolds in the strand.

Wife. Fye husband, you forget your selfe. Nay, gentlemen hee is such another man; when hee hath got a cup or two hee'l not stick to abuse his betters. I beseech you beare with him, I shall be ready to beare with any of you.

Stit. Wife, you shall drinke a health to all the Cuckold-makers in *Cornwall.*

Wife. You meane wrestlers sweet-heart; you are so taken with your *Cornish* Prentice: I tell yee gentlemen, hearing him talke the other day of the hugge, I wisht him to shew me what 'twas: the stiffe knave presently gives me a fall: but it was upon a soft bed.

Frank. Otherwise there had beene danger.

Iam.

Iam. Come ſweet Miſtris, the other dance.

Cic. Will you make one ſir?

Geo. Alas faire Miſtris, my groſſe body wants
A mimick activeneſſe.

Cic. But you can move ſir?

Wif. Beſtir your ſtumps a little ſir. Are women ſuch bugbears, eſpecially handſome ones? for I have been flatter'd.

Stit. Well ſaid Wife; to him Wife.

Wif. I durſt undertake yet, had you one of us in a corner.

Geo. How ſhe inſtructs me! nay then. *Exit.*

Fran. Will you be gone *George*?

St. After him Wife, put him too't, and tickle him home.

Wif. Ile warrant husband Ile bring him into play. *Exit.*

Iam. It ſeemes this gentleman loves not the company of women.

Chang. At leaſt wiſe tis pretended. Wer't a plot
To gull her husband, I ſhould love it dearely.
Why did not I attempt it, that have had
More opportunities then ever made
Sinne fruitfull in the pleaſure? If't be ſo,
The next ſhare ſhall be mine. I love a wench
As well as he or any.

Stit. T'other health, and then farewell,

Fran. Mr. *Stitchwell* is your name?

Stit. A Taylor in the Strand; and I am as good a man there as Deputy *Tagg* in the City, though he thinke himſelfe an Aldermans fellow, and no Cuckold.

Fran. You mind Cuckolds much: good ſir remember your ſelfe.

St. By your leave then; I muſt, and I will, I will and I muſt.

Fran. What muſt you ſir?

Stit. Why, you may doe what you will; and I will doe what I liſt. *Exit.*

Iam. The Taylor's paid.

Chang. By your favor, 'tis a lye.

Fran. And his Wife too by this. Follow mee gentle-

men, and if hee prevent it not, wee'l ſhare ſome paſtime.
Sweet, I'le returne preſently. *Exeunt men.*

Cice. Can my chaſt thoughts within their ſpotles circuit
Retaine a good opinion of this gentleman,
Who gives free ſcope to his libidinous will
In actions that ſtaine conſcience?

Bella. Can any ills
Grow to a greater heighth? my honours danger
Runs equall with my perſons.

Cice. He hath courted
Almoſt beyond reſiſtance, (had not goodneſſe
Preſerv'd me white) to ſully me with luſt;
And failing offer'd marriage.

Bell. Can a Brother
Conſter this place, diſguiſe, and company
Leſſe then a lapſe from vertue in a Siſter,
Who labour'd more to be good really,
Then ever hypocrite did to appeare ſo.

Cice. I muſt not truſt. Beſides, mine eye hath ſeene
An object that delights it; and deſire
Begins to burne my boſome with new flames
I yet ne're felt. 'Tis an ambitious love,
And muſt be check't. Why? ſure my Birth's more noble:
My ſpirit argues it, which never yet
Harbour'd a comment bought; but all above
The lowneſſe of my fortune. How now Miſtris?

Bella. Diſtreſt beyond recovery. 'Twas my brother;
Whoſe eye no ſooner found me, but his lookes
Expreſt a troubled ſoule: but when he heard
My tongue deny my ſelfe, what paſſions then
Poſſeſt him, may be thought.

Cice. Is he your Brother?
Feare not to be diſcover'd: I have plots
To circumvent him, and prepare his temper
For mild impreſſions. *Exeunt Taylor,*
Dun hee Friend ſhe want a private roome.

Tap.

Tapst. With convenience Mistris.

Cice. For a retirement.

Tapst. This way Mistris. I smell the reward of a knaves office: howsoever sinne thrives by wickednesse. Froth-fill'd Cans and over-reckonings will hardly raise a stock to set up with. Now will I informe the Gallants. *Exit.*

The fourth Scœne.

GEORGE *and* WIFE.

Wife. Pray sir, forbeare. Is this a place to make ones husband a Cuckold in?

Geor. Let not such weake excuses rob my hopes
Of that delight, for whose enjoying
Danger and all that weakenesse can be frighted with——

Wife. Pray sir, talke not to me of weakenesse. The servants of the house will suspect us presently.

Geo. Be expeditious then, we lose that time
Might make the pleasure fruitfull.

Wife. Indeed sir I durst ee'n venture to make him cuckold, might I be sure you would get a boy.

Geo. That's doubtles, sweet.

Wife. And shall he be like the father?

Geo. As ever Citizens sonne was.

Wife. I meane my husband.

Geo. I am a Courtier.

Wife. Kind sir, you even deserve it for your policie. But I am so affraid.

Geo. Mischiefe on these delayes.

Within. Sweet-heart, Wife.

Wife. Ay me.

Geo. Vexation racks me.
Prevented at the point of such a happinesse!

Within. Come Chuck and hold my head.

Wife. Pray sir, hide your selfe.

Geo. Where?

Wife. Happily, here's an empty tub. *To them Stitch.*

Stitch. My head akes Wife; where art chicken?

Wife. Here husband. You muſt preſſe upon womens retirement!

Stitch. Oh my ſtomacke; 'tis very ſick.

Wife. Emptie it in the fields then; let not the ſervants take notice you are ſuch a ſloven.

Stitch. Why not in that tub?

Wife. Fie beaſt: defile a neceſſary implement of houſewifry? This 'tis to drink healths to Cuckolds. You might have beene one your ſelfe, were not I the honeſter woman; which is more then many of your neighbours can ſay for themſelves.

The fifth Scæne.

To them FRANKE, CHANGELOVE, IAMES, SAM, *and a little after them a wench with a payle of water.*

Change. Wher's Mr. *Stitchwell?* Fie, give out man, and ſteale away.

Stit. Oh gentlemen my head, my head; oh gentlemen.

Frank. Me thinks your forehead's ſwolne ſir.

Wife. Truly no ſir. There's no more then what hath beene ever ſince I was his wife; fifteene yeeres and upwards, a long time of barrenneſſe.

Wench. What the Divell make all theſe gentlemen in my Dames waſh-houſe? Get yee up to your chambers with a vengeance.

Powres the water into the tub.

Frank. I wonder where my friend is.

Geo. Hold, hold; I am drown'd.

Fran. George, what made you there?

Wench. Miſchiefe on you ſir; you have ſpoild mee a paile of conduit water coſt mee many a weary ſtep the fetching

fetching; beſide the falls my ſweet-heart *Slip* gave me.

Stitch. Alas good gentleman; he hid himſelfe from my Wife, and ſee what's hapned.

Geo. Hell take your wife and you. Accurſed women, That in your curſe made Man ſo.

Fran. Fye *George*, ſcold preſently after your cucking.

Sam. Diogenes in *dolio.*

Chang. And lamentation.

Fra. Come forth *George*: now the Comedie is ended, away with the diſguiſe.

Geor. Women or divells,
Made faire to be deſtructions inſtrument.

Fran. You ſeeme to compaſſionat the miſchance.

Stit. Good heart; but that he cannot endure a woman, She ſhould kiſſe him for amends.

Wife. I thinke it would grieve any woman. I came hither for ſomthing elſe then to be rail'd at.

Stit. Let's vexe him no more Gentlemen. Come wife, Ile goe ſleepe a little. *Exeunt.*

Chan. There will be a ſafe opportunitie for me. I love this Cuckold-making.

Geo. Franke, though your ſelfe intend a reformation, You might forbeare me: this was your owne plot.

Fran. Why mine? I ne're had reſolution yet
So ſtay'd, but I could alter it for pleaſure:
Nor can I hate or envy it in others.
I am ſorry *George* you ſhould drinke water after your ſweet-meats. *To them Tapſter.*

Geo. Doe not abuſe me left I thinke revenge:
I am almoſt tempted to attempt it.

Tapſt. The Gentlewoman hath withdrawne her ſelfe.

Iam. What Gentlewoman?

Tapſt. Shee in the ſattin gowne. You know my meaning ſir, ſhee's as right——

Iam. Thanks honeſt *Robin.* Here's for thee.

Tapſt. I muſt thanke you ſir.

Iam. I'le take the first opportunity.

Tapst. The gentlewoman is retir'd sir.

Jam. What gentlewoman?

Tapst. You know my meaning. Shee's as right——

Sam. Poxe on your Pandarising.

Tapst. How now sir? I wonder what quantity of maiden modesty went to your making up. Few gentlemen of your complexion would have beene angry with an honest Tapster for such intelligence.

Sam. My Sister turn'd a common prostitute? I must discover it.

Tapst. The gentlewoman's gone into another chamber Sir.

Fran. What gentlewoman?

Tapst. Shee in the sattin gowne. There's a bed: you know my meaning. Shee's as right——

Fran. You are a rogue sirrah. *kicks him.*

Tapst. Good sir, what meane you?

Fran. Mutter that thought agen: I'le cut thy tongue out.

Tap. And kill anon, anon sir. But cold rewards. Had none any better; Pandars would never purchase. *Exit.*

Geo. I'le take the Tapsters word, and trye.

Fran. Come gentlemen, let's up agen. By this time *George* your sorrow's drye. *Exeunt.*

The sixth Scene.

Enter WORTHGOOD, KEEPER, *and* SLIP.

Keep. And why should you thinke so *Slip*?

Slip. If I finde them not, count me no wiser then an Apothecary, that lookt for lewes eares on an old Pillory; When the dead wood bore none but Scriveners.

Keep. Enquire diligently, sirrah.

Sl. I will sir, and arme my selfe like a country Iuror: I cannot hold out too fast till I have given up my verdict. *Exit.*

Worth-

Worth. My patience Sir hath hitherto made faire
The outside and appearance of that good
Your promise seem'd to meane me. Circumstance
Doth now instruct my feare, that this credulity
May be my danger. Trechery oft lurkes
In complements. Y'have sent so many poasts
Of undertakings, they out-ride performance.
And make me thinke your faire pretences ayme
At some intended ill; which my prevention
Must strive t'avert. Then good sir, leave me.

Keep. Sir, though my outside's meane; I have a soule
Instructed in all dues belong to man.
I never yet mis-us'd a common action
With a prepar'd dissembling. My intents
Are fairer then your jealousie, which lives
But in the darknesse of your ignorance.
'Tis a blind humour, let discretion guid it:
That th'end of your owne good be not perverted
By ill receiving of the hopefull meanes
My freendsse offers.

Worth. You have heard my story;
But why it should so stirre compassion
In any stranger, counsell cannot well
Remove the doubt.

Keep. Why Sir, I know a gentleman
Worthy in all things; but his crosser fortune
(On which mine had dependance as a servant)
Rob'd him at once of all those gifts she lent him;
Estate, life, wife; his infant-Issue left
To her blind pitty. Can I thinke you then,
Without some feeling, heare the sad relation
Of a misfortune, is so like to that,
As if the selfe same unpropitious starres *To them Slip.*
Were both their meanes. The newes sirrah.

Slip. Very bad Sir. My incredulous hostesse will not trust: therefore pray Sir make haste; for without some supply

of

of drinke I faint in the halfe way of my meſſage.

Keep. Haſt found them?

Slip. Ther's hopes on't: I heard an inckling. The houſe ſwarmes with gallants; ſome of which have ſurely taken up *Cicely*, paltry Baggage, ſhe playes the Lady at leaſt, and makes mincing faces like a countrey Bride at the upper end of the table.

Kee. Pray Sir let's in: we may perhaps find them heere.

Worth. O fate, unleſſe thy guiding kinder prove,
Deſpaire kils all my hope, and ends my love. *Exeunt.*

Slip. Oh Cakes and Ale, if you your ſweets denye.
Let *Slip* deſpairing in a halter die.

Act. 4. *Scœn.* 1.

Enter HOSTESSE, CICELEY, BELLAMIE.

Hoſteſſe.

FEare not Miſtris any of their attempts in my houſe: you have your inſtructions and my ayde. Make uſe of any thing I owne for your honeſt ends, and if you need my perſon, I am ready in my baire at your call. *Exit.*

Cice. We thanke you Miſtris.
Why ſhould you feare the execution
Of my deſires? why are women ſubject
To that diſeaſe? or elſe hath nature choſe it
To ſhew the difference? I was meant a man ſure;
For I have Maſculine reſolutions,
Which no deluding ſpirits can abuſe
With their miſ-guiding; not imperfect moone-light
Mock with falſe ſhadowes. Danger frighes not me.

Bella. Doubt of my lov'd friends ſafety (without whom
My ſoules abilities are dead to uſe)
Hath numb'd the ſenſe of action: I'm all paſſive.

Yet

Yet I haue heard from him relations
Of horrid battai es, and his persons danger;
When as the murdering Canons choak't the ayre
With their curl'd mists, their lowd noise vshering death
To his black triumph. A little custome made it
To be my pastime. Those were dangers past;
But these to come.

Cice. You haue a soldier sweet-heare,
And no more courage! what a race of Cowards
Would spring from that loves joyning? for Physitians
Say women haue most right in the conception.
Were but our causes chang'd (our cases are)
I'de tell this brother all; and if his love
From a pretence of care deny'd me ayde,
I'de schoole him soundly. Come, come, you shall tell
Your Brother that I love him.

Bella. Love my Brother?

Cice. Your Brother Mistris. If my beauty can
(Which ha's beene flatter'd for a taking one)
Win vpon his desires, I'le soone worke him
To what you please. Nay, rather then the project
Should faile of a successe, he shall enjoy me;
But fairely.

Bella. Ayde me now discretion. Would you
Make me an agent to vndoe my Brother;
And but for such meane ends?

Cice. Why gentlewoman,
Disparage not my low condition.
Perhaps misfortune meant it not my birth;
That might be noble as your owne, though boasted
From th'heraulds Catalogue of dead Ancestors.
My father oft hath told me when my fingers
Prest the Cowes dugges, and from their fulnesse drew
Abundance of white streames, that Nature meant not
These limbs for labour. But this may appeare
The flattery of my selfe.

Bella. Into what maze
My dangers lead me! I'th middle ther's a Monſter,
If I goe on, will ruine me: if back;
I want an *Ariadnean* Clue of policie
To be my guide.

Cice. If you'l preſerve your ſelfe
From a diſcovery, you muſt counterfeit
Some other paſſions; or clothe theſe in mirth.

The ſecond Scæne.

To them IAMES, *preſently after* GEORGE.

How now maide? why left you the doore open?

Iam. 'Tis ſhut agen ſweet Miſtris. If it offend you, I will buy my pardon at your owne rate.

Cice. What would you have ſir?

Iam. A little pleaſure Sweete. Come, come, what's your price?

Cice. You ſure miſtake me ſir.

Iam. As if I had not practis'd wenching ſufficiently to underſtand a diſſembled modeſty: becauſe I am a ſtranger, I'le come to your lodging when I know where 'tis. But ſay your price? halfe a crowne?

Cice. Have I found you gallant? I am dearer Sir; that's my maids rate. The truth is I have my Maiden-head yet, and have bargain'd with a gentleman below for it.

Iam. Let me have it, I'le double his reward.

Cice. I love to be as good as my word. Sure ſir hee'd kill you if he knew of your attempt. That's he ſir. *Knock.*

Iam. And my young valour dare not encounter him.

Cice. Your Citie-borne coward never make's fortunate whore-maſter.

Iam. Would I were ſafe.

Cice. Beſt hide your ſelfe in this ſtall.

Iam.

Iam. A handsome convenience. When hee's gone, releaſe me.

Cice. Feare it not ſir, but be ſure you lie ſtill. Open the dore maid; and doe you heare? get the key of the truncke.

Bella. What may this come to?

Geo. Pardon me faire one. My intruſion tends
To begg a happineſſe; pleaſe you to crowne it
With your conſent and welcome?

Cice. What's in me
To grant, you ſhall command.

Geo. I take your word.
The pleaſure of your bed. I will reward it
With a new gowne and angels; dally not
In any coy deniall.

Cice. Not in this place.
But if you pleaſe—— *whiſper.*

Bella. New jealouſie inſtructs.
My feare this woman's naught, and ſuch a one
As ſels her ſelfe to ſinne. What fates conſpire
To make me miſerable?

Geo. 'Tis a motion
Sutes with my liking. The paines will make the pleaſure
More ſweet in the enjoying.

The third Scæne.

To them FRANKE.

Fran. Courting her!
George, 'tis not friendly.

Geo. Miſchiefe on ſuſpition.
I've given you all the flattering commendations
That might confirme her love.

Fran. No more; I thanke thee.

Geo. I leave yee. Now to my practice of revenge.

And the delight is comprehends within it
Above *Elizium*. *Exit.*

Fran. Deare, when shall my love
Be happy in enjoying what it makes
The object of desire? Shall this faire morning
Be consecrate to *Hymen*?

Cice. Worthy Sir,
Such is the difference 'twixt your birth and fortune,
And my condition (whose inferiour ayme
Dare not be level'd higher then it's equalitie)
Makes (cowards pollicie,) feare, to be th'excuse
Of my delaye. For were you satisfide
With that which you call pleasure; and satietie
Had ta'ne the edge off, what's in me can whet
New appetite, and revive a dying love?
Your estimation branded with the infamy
Of a base choyce: taunts from the mouth of envy:
Aspersions to beget a killing jealousie.
And when you shall refle—

Fran. Prethee no more
These needlesse doubts. I'm arm'd with preparations
For my resolves, that no assault can batter.

Cice. Pardon me sir; there's ground of circumstance
To build a faith on, that your desires end
Is my enjoying for your senses pleasure,
Not the converse which love instructs the soule in.

Fra. Why should false feares make such a bad construction?
Prethee no more.

Cice. But I must search you throughly,
Y'are noble sir; and now I will unmaske
This false complexion of an hypocrite,
Which hitherto deluded your opinion
But with a shew of vertue. The truth is
My inclination's wanton; and this day,
I meant to make a sale of that, for which
You have so dearely bid: my Maiden-head.

You

You see I'm fitted for it. *Fran.* What doe I heare?
Cice. The gentleman that left me, is the Merchant.
A price is likewise set upon the ware.
The time and place of enterchange appointed.
The meanes: a porter in that trunke must carry me
Vnto his chamber: You seeme troubled Sir
At the relation.
Fran. 'Tis to trye me sure:
She cannot meane it. How my thoughts rebell
Against their guide?
Cice. Troth sir, I must confesse
Your person likes me better, and the love
You have profest deserves my gratitude.
Meete you this porter, and compell him with you;
You shall enjoy me first, and afterwards
When I set up the trade be still more welcome.
Fran. Should this be earnest, it would make me happy
Above mine owne desire; and should she mock me,
'Twere but returning to my first intents.
Some way I must enjoy her. Shall this practice
Give me those sweets have beene so long deny'd
With counterfeited modesty?
Cice. Be sure sir;
My Tutor in the Art left me instructions
To take the faireſt offer.
Fra. My reward
Shall treble his. Be constant to my pleasure.
I'le keepe thee like a wife; and serve thy will
With full content.
Cice. That as your liking pleaseth.
When you are weary, I'le but begg your bounty
For a new wardrobe to set up with.
Fran. How mans desire
Pursues contentment? 'tis the soule of action,
And the propounded reason of our life.
Yet as the choyce appeares, or grosse or excellent,

We flye not from th'injoying; but are chang'd
In our opinion either of the object,
Or of the meanes that workes it. Why should I
Alter a resolution? The contentment
Is still the same: and a farre easier meanes
Without that tye necessitates the will
To a fixt bounds. Besides, my credit's safe.
To keepe a Mistris youths excuse may serve;
But an inferiour match brands my posteritie.
If equall blood commixe not. Hence then scruple,
And all that frights faint conscience. Sweet I welcome
The freenesse of your kind and loving promise
With as much joy, as can possesse a heart
Made joviall by th'effect of all it's wishes;
Be constant to it.

Cice. Be you confident;
I cannot be diverted from my purpose:
The end's too pleasant. Pray prepare your selfe;
The time drawes on.

Fran. And till my expectation
Ends in that full possession of delight,
Times wings are clipt. So farewell sweet till then. *Exit.*

Cice. And farewell base desires. May thy foule lust
Make thee still credulous, still abuse and shame
Teach thee amendment. What an Oratour
Is Sin? that paints it selfe with golden words
Of pleasure and delight; as if the soule
Had it's eternall being and full powers
But for the senses satisfaction:
And their enjoying it Creations end.
Now to our Comedie. Ha! fast asleepe!
This fits our purpose. Lock it fast.

Bella. Will not the feathers choake him?

Cice. Hee's arm'd against mischances. Give it the Porter,
I must withdraw. *Exit.*

Bella. Now I perceive

Good-

Goodneſſe guides all her actions: her minds brightneſſe
Out-ſhines her outward beauty. But what uſe
Can my misfortune make of't? yes; th'example
Shall teach me how to counterfeit, if I
Can force my paſſion to it.

The fourth Scæne.

To her GEORGE, TAPSTER, PORTER.

Heere's the Gentleman.

Geo. Now wench, is all ready?

Bella. I have pack't her up in't, like a *Bartholmew*-babie in a boxe. I warrant you for hurting her.

Geo. 'Tis a good wench. I'le give thee a new gowne for it.

Bella. I thanke you ſir. When you are weary of my miſtris, and caſt her off (as I know you muſt have change) you ſhall have my maiden-head at the ſame rate if you pleaſe: I'le keepe it for you.

Geo. 'Tis a bargaine.

Bella. But two words to it. Pray ſir uſe her neere the worſe for my promiſe.

Geo. The better. I'le turne her off within this fortnight, and ſend for thee.

Bella. Oh ſir, 'tis not fit a ſervant ſhould ſhift her Miſtris trencher before the bones are cleane pick't. You have fleſh enough to hold out a moneth.

Geo. It ſhall be a moneth then?

Tapſt. Be carefull Porter of your carriage.

Port. Married? that I am to a freemans widdow, and I weare the Citie-Armes by her firſt husbands copie.

Geo. The Porter is deafe ſure.

Bella. Pray ſir let me aske you one queſtion.

Geo. Quickly then.

Bella. How many maiden-heads have you bought thus?

Geor.

Geo. Some nine-eene with thy mistrisses.

Bella. Pray sir, let mine make up the score: an even reckoning.

Geo. It shall, it shall: heere's for thee *Robin.*

Tapst. The trunck is worth more sir, besides the feathers that are in it. But to doe you a pleasure.

Geo. Helpe him downe stayres with it.

Tapst. Heer's a *Totenham-Court* project translated over the water from *Holland.*

Geo. Farewell wench. *Exeunt.*

Bella. Adue good sir, with your faire bed-fellow that must bee.
Had I a *Worthgood* heere, this accident
Would straine my heart-strings to a pitch of laughter,
And make my spleene dance. But his losse hath kill'd
All sense of joy. *Ciceley returnes.*

Cic. Now Mistris, what thinke you of it?
Have I not tane a course to punish lust?
At least wise with disgrace. Though custome calls
Those actions onely honest, that are glorious
In publique fame; yet sometimes to dissemble
An ill that's not intended, when the end
Hath cleer'd it to opinion, it attaines
The greater praise.

Bella. Indeed, I must confesse
My feares possest me strongly, you were roughe:
Nor is suspition grounded on due circumstance
To be accounted ill. But now my knowledge
Instructs me better to commend your vertue;
And steere mine owne course by the faire example
Of your discretion, were the like attempted
Vpon my chastity.

Geo. Quickly then.

The

The fifth Scœne.

To them, SAM.

Alas, my Brother.

Sam. Now must I practise unaccustom'd impudence. By your leave gentle creatures: may I have my turne now for a little sport? Nay, nay, sweetheart, thou shalt serve: thy Mistris is too deare; and I am loth to pay over-much for repentance. 'Tis but changing offices: let her hold the dore for thee.

Cice. Pray sir, speake and meane civilly; you'l not be welcome else.

Sam. Good Lady light-heele; give your servant leave to practise the trade you have taught her. That such perfections as appeare in this woman should be sold to every base desire. Come wench, thy browne complexion pleaseth mee better then thy Mistrisses: thou dost not paint, and art the likelier to be wholsome.

Cice. Good gentleman, hee is jealous, and would circumvent her.

Sam. Heere's halfe a crowne, wench; me thinks 'tis a faire rate. Ha! finger in the eye? Keepe thy teares for pennance in *Bride-well.* Crye when money's offer'd thee?

Bella. Oh Brother.

Sam. Ha! are you my Sister?

Bella. Your Sister *Bellamie.*

Sam. Why shee's in the Countrey at mine Vncles,
Teaching her hand some neat industrious practice;
Or painting with her needle the rare forme
Of some choyce flower; to her busie servant,
Discoursing Moralls; or perhaps at prayers,
Or meditation: these were her exercises;
Not prostitution. What an impudence
Is this imposture?

Bella. Temper your anger brother,
For it appeares i'th wrincles of your brow.
And let not paſſion burne your jealous feares
With an intemperate heat. I have a ſtory
You'l pitty, though all naturall affection
Were quite extinguiſht.

Sam. Then you are my Siſter?

Bella. Diſſemble not thoſe doubts; but heare me.

Sam. Noe.
I'm deafe to all excuſe. 'Tis too apparant.
Poſſeſſe me vertuous rage; make me the inſtrument
Of a religious juſtice.

Bella. Guard me innocence.

Sam. Oh that the knowing ſoule, which can diſtinguiſh
It ſelfe and powers; ſhould yeeld her government
To the laſcivious appetite of ſenſe:
And under ſuch a baſe ſubjection
Ruine her noble parts. True eſtimation
Is grounded on the actions of the minde:
And to determine bravely, well as honeſtly,
Muſt be the laſt, and moſt refin'd digeſtion
Of a high flying nature. Such ſhould hers be.
She wanted not th'inſtruction, nor example
Of worthy Parents, that honour is the moſt
Eſſentiall part of life, and valewd 'bove it.

Cice. Good gentleman, hee's troubled.

Sam. Oh hypocriſie,
Thy painted ſhowes muſt likewiſe mock our judgments
Into an apt credulitie, that makes
Bad worſe by the diſſembling. Had ſhee wanted
Or meanes of power or fortune to diſcover
This inclination; like the Serpent numb'd
With a long rigidneſſe, forbeare's to ſting
His warmers boſome, not becauſe he hath not
A poyſon; but becauſe the force thereof
Is feebled by the cold.

Cice. You ſeeme diſturb'd ſir.

Sam. Who'lever truſt devotion, or believe
That any zeale is earneſt? I ſhould rather
Have call'd an Eremite hypocrite: or ſuſpected
Th'auſterities of an Anchorite to be
But for vaine-glory or a common fame,
Then her appearing goodneſſe. Fury prompts me
To a black act. 'Tis well I have no ſword.
But may ſhe not ſurvive her firſt repentance;
Which ſhame or puniſhment ſhall teach her quickly.
Luſtfull inſatiate whore. Could not a husband
Have coold your bloud?

Bella. You need no other weapon, *ſhe ſowner.*
Thoſe words have kill'd me.

Cice. Ay me, what have you done ſir? helpe, helpe.

Sam. If it be earneſt, cur'd a wounded fame.
My reputation would have bled a little,
Had ſhe liv'd longer infamous: her death
May loſe the memory of her diſhonour.

Cice. Good gentlewoman ſhe faints. Helpe, helpe.

The ſixth Scœne.

To them KEEPER, SLIP, WORTHGOOD.

Keep. The cry came from this Chamber.

Slip. 'Sfoot ſir, 'tis Miſtris *Ciceley*, and *Cicely* Miſtris. Ha, ha, ſir; did you put her to the ſqueake? I'le put you——

Keep. Hold ſirrah.

Wort. Looke up my love: ha! What malicious chance
Begets this new prevention of our happines?
Oh let our ſoules together climbe the height
Of their eternitie; if fate denies
Other enjoying.

Bella. 'Tis my *Worthgoods* voyce,
That *Orphean* Muſicke charmes my ſenſes backe

From the darke ſhades of their privation.
Welcome againe: I never more will loſe thee.
Sam. What are you ſir, that ſeeme thus tender of her?
Worth. I give no anſwer to uncivill queſtions
With calmer words. And yet I ſcorne to ſtrike,
Vnleſſe I ſaw ſome armour for reſiſtance.
Bella. This is my Husband Brother, farre as vowes
Can joyne us, till Church-ceremony hath
Confirm'd it ſtronger.
Worth. Hee your Brother ſweet?
His pardon firſt; then leave I may embrace
His worthy love.
Sam. 'Tis not your complement
Can win upon me. If your worth deſerves
My Sifters love (I hope my Vncles care
Hath well examin'd it) freely enjoy
What you deſire: But my opinion is
Scarce ſettled yet. You ſeeme a Gentleman.
Worth. And am one: that was giv'n me in my birth.
If not, my ſword hath purchas'd it.
Cice. With leave
I would relate the accident to ſatisfie
Your curious love; which makes you doubt that ill
Ne're ſtain'd a thought in her: and for my ſelfe,
My life's vntouch'd by envy.
Keep. Gentle ſir,
Let my perſwaſion worke vpon your temper;
And make it pliable to forgoe all jealouſie,
And miſconſtruction. Something is reſerv'd
In mine owne knowledge, ſhall diſperſe thoſe clouds
That muffle error in their miſty rowles,
And makes it blind in all things but in miſchiefe.
Sam. If *Bellamie* be vertuous, thee's my Sifter;
And ſhall not loſe that intereſt.
Keep. Now *Ciceley*,
'Tis time that you diſrobe.

Cice. By no meanes father.
My part's not ended yet.
Bella. Pleaſe her accept
Th'exchange as my thanks gift; ſince to her care
And full diſcretion I muſt attribute
My ſafety. Something's now in action,
By her begun from an ingenious practice,
Will make the end more comicke.
Cice. But 'twill turne
To a ſad Tragedy, if I enjoy not
This worthy gentleman.
Keep. A larger roome
Were more convenient. Pleaſe you ſir the houſe
Is well accommodated.
Warth. What's more to be expected
Can croſſe or crowne our loves with new events? *Exe.*
Slip. Goe your wayes and quarrell no more, leſt I bee ſtickler with this terrible Embleme of a Butchers cruelty, *Exit.*

The ſeventh Scæne.

Enter CHANGELOVE, WIFE; STITCHVVELL *in a Chayre aſleepe.*

Wife. The effects of drinking, Mr. *Changelove*: his head ſhould be troubled with ſomething elſe, were he rul'd by me. But he cares not for my counſell, nor mee. I could eene curſe mine own kindnes, that am ready ſtill to make more of him then he doth of me.
Chang. Why doe you not then——
Wife. What ſir? I warrant you meane make him a Cuckold.
Chan. That's a groſſe conſtruction. Give a friend leave to do you a pleaſure, or ſo. The truth is Miſtris I love you.
Wife. You were ever kind Mr. *Changelove.*

Chang. And would your freenes give me leave t'enjoy
Thoſe ſweets, although forbidden, 'twould be a happines
'Bove my deſire. Be aſſur'd my ſecrecie
Is firme as night and locks.

Wif. Secreſie, Mr. *Changelove?* I would have you know I will be open to all the world. I'le doe no more in the darke, then in this very place, were my husbands eyes open.

Chan. Here then. He ſleeps ſecurely, never dreaming
Of any foreheads arming.

Wife. Fie Mr. *Changelove*, you are ſuch a tempter. Pray forbeare, many a woman would not hold out ſo long.

Chang. Conſent then ſweet; wee'l to it.

Stitch. Ware hornes there.

Chan. Miſchiefe, what noiſe hath wak't him?

Wife. An infirmitie hee hath to talke in's ſleepe. Nay I aſſure you hee will riſe ſometimes and doe the office of a waking man in his dreame, and not know of it in the Morning.

Stitch. Rome for one of the headmen in his Pariſh: a monſter of his wifes making.

Wife. Wicked man; hee dreames now that I would make him a Cuckold.

Change. Send it be no counterfeit.

Stitch. And have I tane you ſir *Lancelot?* would you be billing with my *Guiniver?*

Puls Changelove by the eares.

Chang. Helpe me Miſtris *Stitchwell.*

Wife. Take it patiently Sir: his fit will bee over preſently.

Stit. For this attempt King *Arthur* doth here degrade thee from a Knight of his round Table, to bee a Squire of his Wifes body. So conduct me to her bed; where I will beget a race of warriours ſhall cage thy great Turkſhip againe, and reſtore *Conſtantinople* to the Emperour.

Chan. You miſtake: oh. My Perriwig is not a Turbant.

Stitch.

Stit. Peace follows victory, let us now to reſt.

Wife. Pray ſir, forgive him: I dare undertake hee'l be ſorry for it when he wakes. If any thing I can may make amends.

Chan. Prove his dreame true. When the ſmart's over I ſhall forget it. *Enter Tapſter.*

Tap. A queſt of inquiry is ſent all the houſe over to looke you Miſtris. The gentlewomans maid was in a ſwound: they wanted your aſſiſtance.

Stit. Who wants aſſiſtance? who breaks the Kings peace? fetch me my Conſtables ſtaffe.

Chan. Hee'l dreame againe: had I beſt ſtay?

Wife. Now drunkard, are you recoverd yet?

Stit. Wife and Mr. *Changelove*, wheres the company?

Wife. Gone, being weary of ſuch a ſot as you make your ſelfe. Pretend a walke for health and recreation, to bee drunke ſo early? I had done well to have ſerved you in your kinde: here were gentlemen enough that would have brought me home; and ſome not farre off that uſed me kindly, whilſt you ſnorted to fright fleas, and dream't perhaps ſome wickedneſſe of me.

Stit. Prethee peace ſweet wife: Ile mend all.

Wife. I promiſe you, you ſhall never mend me, till you doe better your ſelfe.

Stit. I'le buy my pardon for it with a new gowne, and a journey into the Countrey next vacation.

Wife. You know *Iohn* I am eaſie to be wrought upon.

Tap. Will you diſcharge the reckoning Mr. *Changelove*?

Chang. Not willingly: I doe not love it. No revenge upon this dreaming tyrant over unpaid for gallantry? A protection to defraud him is long ſince provided. What is your reckoning, *Robin*?

Tap. Nine and three-pence ſir.

Chang. The particulars.

Tapſ. Cakes two ſhillings. Ale as much. A quart of mortify'd Claret eight pence. Stewd prunes twelve pence.

Chang.

Chang. They were deare.

Tap. Truely, they coſt a penny the pound of the one-handed Coſter-monger, out of his wifes fiſh-basket. A quart of Creame, twelve-pence.

Chang. That's not exceſſive.

Tapſt. Not if you conſider how many Carriers egges miſcarried in the making of it; and the charge of Iſing-glaſſe and other ingredients to cremifie the foure milke.

Chang. All this is but a Noble.

Tap. Pray marke me ſir, I'le make it more. Twelve-pence Sugar. You had bread ſir.

Stit. And we had drinke ſir.

Tap. 'Tis granted ſir. A pound of ſauſedges, and other things, nine ſhillings and three-pence. Our Barre never erres.

Chang. I'le talke with your Miſtris. You know my meaning *Robin*. *ſteales away.*

Wife. Oh the extortion of *Totenham-Court!*

Stit. No matter Wife: kinde Mr. *Changelove* will pay for all. Ha! where is hee?

Tap. Gone Sir.

Stit. Then give me my Cloake.

Tap. The reckoning firſt Sir.

Stit. How! muſt Taylors pay Gallants reckonings?

Wife. Sure husband, he intends this a ſatisfaction for his bearing.

Stit. Have you ſuch tricks? No great matter: 'tis but adding it to his bill in my debt-booke, and preſently arreſting him with a fat Martialiſt. Here ſirrah.

Tap. Y'are welcome Sir. Some profit comes from hence; I have ore-reckon'd one and twenty-pence. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5.

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter GEORGE *and* PORTER *with the Trunck, presently after them* VNCLE, SERVANT *and* TENANTS.

Porter.

A Heavy burthen I assure you Sir.

Geor. That's strange: a light Wench, and feathers.

Por. You say true Sir; 'tis enough to break a mans back.

Geor. His mistake hits upon truth. Rest thee *Porter*.
Oh this plots quaintnesse: witty luxury,
How it acutes invention, and makes pregnant
Even barren faculties to beget new issues
Of rare conceipt. But my credulity
Was rash and sodaine. If she hath abus'd it,
And mockt my hopes of pleasure, what revenge
Can give me satisfaction? Here's the key,
Though late these doubts arise, I greatly long
To have mine eye resolve them. Company,
Forbeare a little then, and rest thee *Porter*.

Vnc. 'Tis a faire circumstance, and may confirme
My first suspition. Where found you the Horses?

Serv. In the high way neere yonder houses. The place is called TOTENHAM-COVRT.

1 *Neig.* Our intelligence hath something Landlord.

Vnc. What's That?

1 *Neig.* The truth is being weary.

2 *Neig.* Old men Landlord, old men. Labour agrees worse with us then wrangling with a leane Parson that hath a fat Benefice.

Vnc. Pray interrupt him not: Forwards *Neighbour*.

1 *Neig.* At a house yonder we prevail'd to be let in:

where the little time that remain'd 'till morning we slept soundly.

2 *Neig.* And dreamt we were in *Cranborne* Church at a drowsie Sermon.

Vnc. On good *Neighbour.*

1 *Neig.* Day no soon'r peepe, but noyse wak't us. The house was peecemly full of Gallants with Musicke, and to dauncing they went. We ask't the reason, they of the house told us 'twas customary for Gentlemen to have early revels and rendevous there. At length we heard one speake of a Gentlewoman in a satten gowne: which we conceiving to be Mistres *Bellamie*, made haste to *London* to your Inne to informe your worship.

Vnc. Oh my curst fate; they have prevented sure
My care, by zeale and nature so instructed
To tender her good, that I have not left
Counsaile or threats unurg'd to perfect it.
They are questionlesse married.

2 *Neig.* Might I advise your worship then, let them alone 'till night: when they are in bed together, they are the likelier to be catcht napping.

Vnc. My Nephew's gone abroad too. Is't the custome
Of Students that pretend a love to Learning
And noble Sciences, to make the morning
Their time of recreation? Or have they
Had correspondence, and his friendly ayd
Is in the plot! Yon Porter may perhaps
Informe us something.

Geor. If these question the Porter, I must answer for him.

Vnc. Good speed friend. Didst see a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman abroad in the Fields?

Por. Betwixt nine and ten.

Ser. He meanes the clock: his hearing is surely imperfect. Didst see a Gentlewoman in a satten gowne?

Port. Indeed 'tis a heavy burthen: I fetcht it from

Vnc. Didſt ſee a Gentlewoman?

Port. A Gentlewoman in a Trunck of Feathers? that were very pretty.

Geor. Oh villaine.

Serv. A Gentlewoman at TOTENHAM-COVRT?

Geor. I ſaw many there Sir, and one in ſatten: but they are all upon parting.

Vnc. I thanke you Sir. Come let's haſten. *Exeunt.*

Geor. What may this be! It hath begot new jealouſies.

The ſecond Scene.

To them FRANKE.

And here's new miſchiefe. Hath the Devill policie
To prevent ill? There's no avoyding him.

Fran. 'Tis he: h'hath ſpide me, and his feares dejects him.
Sweet conſtancie, how I could blame the good
Thy kindneſſe meanes me, that hadſt rather loſe
Thine owne white purity, then ſtaine my credit
With ſpots time cannot waſh out. Doubly happy
Shall I be in enjoying her, and puniſhing
A trecherous friend.
George, how long have you converſt with the Frock-trade?
I thought the ſmock had bin your chiefe delight.

Geor. The Porter waits upon me.

Fran. With ſtuffing for your bed.

Geor. A light commodity I bought at *Totenham-Court.* Didſt ever thinke I ſhould have been ſo thriftie to buy feathers at the beſt hand? When I have us'd them throughly, there are Suburb Upholſters will give me my money agen.

Fran. Me thinks they are very heavy.

Geor. Let them alone.

Fran. Have not you ſtolne mine Hoſtes great braſſe Pot ſhe boyles old marrow-bones in, for the fat to make her

Cakes with when Butter is season'd. *Porter* you shall carry it along with me.

Geor. Prethee goe backe to thy milke Mayde.

Fran. Dost thou deride me? Nay then Porter up with it, or here's a good ox sore you, and let out some of your Goats blood.

Geor. Thou dar'st not strike a friend safely.

Fran. Friendship is cancell'd.
Th'ast broke the league that knit over our outward love:
For in consent of ill Love's never solid.
Hadst not abus'd that love with foule intents,
I would have thank't thy paines, which she contriv'd
Onely for me t'enjoy her.

Geor. Is't even so?
You shall heare from me *Franke*. Come hither *Porter*,
She hath legs to walke with you.

Fran. But that I thinke disgrace a punishment
Worthy the guilt, this instant houre should give
The wrongs thou didst intend a satisfaction.
I must be bold sweet: mine are no Porters shoulders.
A Coach waits not for set off.

The third Scœne.

To them CHANGELOVE, STITCH, WIFE.

Lie still a little, here's company.

Geor. Let me ruminate.

Stit. I payd the reckoning *Mr Changelove* and am sorry for it, I meane the wrong I did you.

Chan. 'Twas no offence: or had it, you have satisfi'd.
I love the memory of it. 'Twill be a Story
To greet a ring of friends with: next Lmeete
Shall have it all.

Wife. It may passe indeed for a merry one by a good fire

fire in Winter, which I love dearely.

Chan. A good fire Miſtreſſe *Stitchwell* is Winters artificiall Sun, that renewes Summer within doores. I love it.

Wife. With two or three good companions, and a goſſips feaſt.

Chan. That's very right. Society is the uſe
Of mans beſt ornaments. Speech and diſcourſe
Are reaſons meſſengers, that carry errands
From one ſoule to another. I confeſſe
I love good company.

Stit. 'Tis a good exerciſe to riſe in a froſty morning, and kill Birds.

Chan. You ſay well Sir, We that have youthfull blood,
That capers in our veines, and ſwels their concaves
With active warmth, ſhould be inur'd to hardneſſe.
'Tis healthfull, and I love it.

Geor. I have it. Doe you know theſe *Franke*?

Fran. Miſchiefe, I muſt prevent them.

Geor. You may if pleaſe you, ſuffer the Porter to paſſe, and ſtay your ſelfe. Credit is pretious: let me enjoy my ſport, yours may be preſerv'd. Otherwiſe your truſt and you ſhall both ſuffer. I am deſperately reſolute, and will reveale all.

Fran. And I as deſperate. Up with it *Porter*.

Port. Any thing: will you ſuffer this Gentleman?

Geor. Nay then *Franke*. *Draw, and a paſſe or two.*

Port. Helpe helpe.

Iam. If he be gone ſweet heart, let me out. I am almoſt ſtifled. *They take him out of the Trunk.*

Fran. Whence that voyce?

Short: The Gentlemen that were in our company! Let us prevent them. Be not afraid *Wife*.

Wife. Alas I cannot endure ſuch naked weapons.

Chan. What will this come to?

Iam. I beſeech ye Gentlemen kill me not, I have beene ſufficiently mortified, and I beleeve you may ſmell the effects of my feare.

Geor. Is this the lovely piece, for whose enjoying
I have attempted what by ill succesſe
Makes me ridiculous: yet I ſwell with laughter
To thinke how finely ſhe hath gull'd us both,
And mockt our eaſie truſt.

Fran. Pray' Sir how came you hither?

Iam. I thinke upon that Porters ſhoulders.

Fran. But how into this Trunk?

Iam. Ile tell you ſir. Bargaining for a little ſport with the Gentlewoman, whom I thought to be a wanton, ſhe poſſeſt me with feare, (to which cowardize is alwaies apt, and I muſt acknowledge in my ſelfe) that a Gentleman (one of you two I take it) had dealt with her for her Mayden-head, and that ſhee expected him. He came: and I fearing luſt as well as love would brooke no rivall, made uſe of this for my ſafety. Where being heavy headed with Ale, I have ſlept till your noyſe wak't me.

Stit. An excellent conceit; how like you it Wife? This Gentleman cannot endure the company of Women.

Wife. I knew before he did but diſſemble: that made me ſo deſirous to try him. There was a Tub at *Totenham*; you know the ſucceſſe of it.

Chan. I ever thought Miſtreſſe *Stitchwell* that was your owne plot; and I love you dearely for it.

Wife. Love me Mr *Changelove*? Take heed my Husband doe not dreame of it.

Chan. That was her plot too. Now doe I ſee, ſome Women can counterfeit wickedneſſe, as well as many diſſemble honeſty. Come Sir, let you and I drowne the memory of our diſaſters in a cup of Sack. *Exeunt.*

Wife. You ſee gallants what ſucceſſe attends your enterpriſes.
Henceforth account not every City Wife
Wanton, that onely loves a merry life.

Stit. And here's a double comfort; being wedded,
Shee's neither falſe, nor am I jealous headed. *Exeunt.*

Fran.

Fran. Accurſt credulity. Could not thoſe doubts
I ſhapt my jealouſie, preſerve my firſt,
And noble reſolution! Had I urg'd it
With greater zeale, ſhe muſt have forc't her reaſon
To underſtand m'intention without practiſe
Of farther tryall. Now ſhe's loſt for ever;
Though I ſhould with ſubmiſſion and repentance
Beg reconciliation with her thoughts,
(Whoſe purity cannot endure to mixe
With mine that were to foule) ſhe would reject it.
Ile back, and try. Luſtfull affections hence.
My Lov's new cloth'd in vertuous innocence. *Exit.*

Ge. Frank. We are friends: ſince we have ſhar'd diſgrace,
We kill all malice. Henceforth I ſhall ſtrive
To live more chaſte. Luſt is a gilded pill,
Which ſinfull nature doth preſcribe deſire.
It mocks the ſence with pleaſure; but at laſt
The ſhining outſide leaves a bitter taſt. *Exit.*

The fourth Scæne.

Enter SAM *and* SLIP.

Sam. But prethee tell me, what's her condition?

Slip. Womaniſh. She'l cry when ſhee's angry; laugh when ſhe's tickled, and be ſick when ſhe cannot have her owne will.

Sam. I meane her calling.

Slip. She is call'd *Cicily.*

Sam. Her profeſſion then.

Slip. Not very honeſt, and yet very honeſt. She cheats all the world that thinks ſhe is wanton: but you may find by the late ſtories, that neither your Aunts nor Couſins can keep their legs ſo cloſe.

Sam. Here's money for thee.

Slip. You are as bountifull as a new made Knight, that courts

courts a City Widdow by Atturney for the officers fees.

Sam. Prethee tell me how was she borne?

Slip You had best aske the Midwife.

Sam. This fellow trifles. Is the Keeper thy Master her owne Father?

Slip. Should you conjure the Devill into her dead Mother, he might chance to tell you a lye.

Sam. Is she a Gentlewoman or not?

Slip. She is, and she is not. She is a Gentlewoman as she loves pride: which makes Gentlewomen apt to fall; especially those of the wayting forme. Then she is no Gentlewoman because——because——

Sam. Prithee no more.

Slip. 'Tis well you interrupted me, for I had no reason: But Sir I will bring her to the barre of your presence, where she may answere for her selfe, whilst I convert your bounty into wholesome nourishment from a black Pot, and have a bout with mine own sweet Turneup.

Sam. Mine eye nere saw with aptnesse to desire
That beauty could enthrall m'unbounded thoughts
With passionate affection. Yet this piece
Is absolute, and such as cannot choose
But have a glorious mind. Love is a cement
That joynes not earthly parts above, but workes
Upon th'eternall substance, making one
Of two agreeing soules. Were she borne nobly,
(As surely such perfections cannot be
The issue of base parents) so that infamie
Might not succeed, here would I fixe my choyce.
Besides she's vertuous, and her education
Beseeming greatnesse: her discourse, pure language,
Iudgement, and full behaviour argue it.

The

The fifth Scæne.

To him, CICELEY.

Shee's come. How like an Angell, as if ſent
On ſome celeſtiall meſſage to the ſoule
Of a departing Saint. White innocence
Is in each looke and feature, as all goodneſſe
Had built their manſion in her. Welcome faire one.
I hope my pardon's ſeal'd for thus preſuming
On what you might call rudeneſſe.

Cice. You have ſhapt
Needleſſe apologie to excuſe a guilt,
When none appeares. I owe much to your vertue
It doth command my thoughts.

Sam. Which are ſo glorious,
I muſt admire the actions that expreſſe them.
I hope your judgement doth not call it ill,
That my intemperate anger being grownded
On vertuous ſuſpition, did tranſport me
Beyond a moderate paſſion. I am ſatisfi'de.
Your innocence hath cleer'd my jealouſie;
Which was I know inſtruction to my ſiſter,
And th'onely working meanes that kept her ſafe.
The Gentleman ſhe loves I finde is worthy;
Though his eſtate through the improvidence
Of a free minded Father, low enough.
My Vncle may repaire it: ſhe hath hopes
T'inherite all. And truſt me, did I love
Where I perceiv'd deſert, no inequalitie
Of fortunes blind additions, birth or ſtate,
Should interpoſe a let to my enjoying.

Cice. Sir, 'tis a noble reſolution,
Pure love's a vertue Nature onely teacheth;
And's borne with generous Spirits that diſtinguiſh

The object truely; sleighting those respects
That worke on grosser minds.
Sam. How shee instructs me
In resolution? Fairest I shall use
None other circumstance, or paint a passion
My reasons eye allowes: though first my sense
Convey'd the knowledge of your outward forme,
And full perfectious, which must needs conteine
A richer inside. Vertue seldome dwells
But in a glorious frame. I love your goodnesse;
For that your beauty. In my new borne wishes
I have determin'd you the partner
Of all that's mine. My state's not very meane:
If 'twere, zeale should supply; I'de strive to merit
The free gift of your selfe, and in exchange
Returne my selfe.
Cice. Sir, I could answere you
With your owne wordes: for I presume your thoughts
Are noble like your selfe; unmixt with flatt'ry,
Courtships infection; and the poysonous breath
That many times doth make pure love suspected
Whether it be sound or plaster'd to deceive
Our credulous weaknesse, till it hath possest us
With some foule leprosie. Your handmaid yeelds
To what agrees with honour; if the meanneſſe
Of her condition may presume to call
Her honest credit so.
Sam. How you doe blesse me
As suddainly as my desires could shape
A meanes to worke it? Instantly the Church
Shall seale the bargaine.
Cice. Would not you deliberate
Those acts are lasting, and concerne the being
Of all your after life?
Sam. 'Tis heavens providence
That hath dispos'd it. Thus I seale my vowes

The

The sixth Scœne.

To them VNCLE *and* TENANTS.

Cice. And here are witneſſes.

Sam. My Vncle! what makes he here? new doubts ariſe.

Vnc. See, ſee; my thoughts were prophecie: both here.

Sam. You are welcome to *Totenham-Court* Vncle.

Vnc. But you'r ill come Coſen. I had thought
Your judgement had beene ſtronger then to ayde
A fooliſh Siſter with your fond indulgence
In her undoing. She may hide her face.
My rage diſtracts me, and I know not how
To frame th'induction.

1. *Neigh.* Why ſir, this is not Miſtris *Bellamie*, but another in her clothes.

Vnc. How's that knave? hay day! more plots! Houſwife how came you by theſe? where's my Neece?

Cice. I am your Neece.

Vnc. You my Neece?

Sam. Shee's my Wife, Vncle.

Vnc. Yet more plots! ſure the Parſon of *Pancrace* hath beene here.

1. *Ten.* Indeed I have heard he is a notable joyner.

2. *Ten.* And *Totenham-Court* Ale pays him ſtore of tith. It cauſeth queſtionleſſe much unlawfull coupling.

Vnc. Pray where's your Siſter? I'le not fright her
With many threats, but mildly worke her reaſon
To underſtand her errors; and prevent
Her ruine with diſſwaſions. Coſs ſhee's loſt:
My love and care made uſeleſſe.

Sam. Is ſhee married Sir?

Vnc. Yea; that's my greateſt feare, ſhee's paſt recov'ry.
Woman, what ere you are, you have ſome hand in't:
Theſe were her clothes.

The ſeventh Scæne.

To them WORTHGOOD, BELDAME, KEEPER.

Cice. Let her ſelfe ſatisfie,
If paſſion hath not made you too uncapable.
Bella. Alas mine Vncle.
Vnc. Killing ſpectacle.
Come from his armes: if any force reſtraine thee
But thine owne freeneſſe (which I moſt doe feare)
I will reveng't with lawes extremitie.
Come from his armes I ſay.
Bella. Vncle I owe
You many duties. One from natures precepts;
And morall gratitude for your great love
Inſtructs me in another: but neceſſitie
In this compels a vertuous diſobedience.
Vnc. Girle hee's a begger. He had a prodigall father
That ſpent all ere he dyed: his whole eſtate
Depends but on the love of a rich Vncle;
And that's incertaine.
Wort. Pray upbraid me not
With a dead mans misfortune. I have beene
A Soldier, and perhaps am apt to anger.
Vnc. Threaten your fill Sir, ſo my Neece forſake you.
Sam. Kinde Vncle, call not poverty a ſin.
Wealth's but the gloſſe and outſide of deſert.
And for my Siſter, ſince ſhe loves this Gentleman,
Shee hath ſome portion left her; your eſtate
Would be a faire addition: but the loves
Of Vncles are uncertaine. The truth is,
I love this maid: ſhee's but this Keepers daughter;
Yet I would marry her, pleaſe her good Father
To be conſenting.
Keep. Bleſſings unexpected.

If

If she be willing. Shee's a poore girle Sir.

Sam. Shee's richer then the *Indies*.

Vnc. Shall mine age
Be curs'd to this misfortune. Ile build hospitals;
Where wooden legs and lazy hypocrites
Shall be mine heyres.

2 Ten. And the Divell your Executor.

Vnc. They scorne my calmesse.
I should have rag'd, and from a furious anger
Sent threats, not calme intreaties.

Keep. That would likewise
Have beene as useleſſe. I conceive such joy
At theſe events, they almost have confounded
My preparations to begin the Story
Reserv'd to crowne all. First doe you imbrace
A naturall Sister.

Wort. Mine owne Sister, sir,
Suppos'd to have dy'd an infant!

Cice. I still thought it
By an instinct.

Keep. This is *Cicilia Wortbrood*,
Whom my Wife nurst when both your Parents dy'd.
I have beene carefull of her education
Well as her person; though my love conceal'd
The knowledge of her selfe still from her selfe,
Least I should lose her: being th'only comfort
I wisht from providence: Such was the duty
With which I honour'd your dead Auncestors
That brought me up.

Vnc. Sir, this concernes not me.

Keep. It doth your Nephew, to whose loves imbrace
I next commend her, and a portion too,
She shall inherit somthing that hath beene
Stor'd from my care; nor hath her industry
Wanted a share.

Cice. Still let me call you Father;

Whoſe love deſerves it for my preſervation,
And after being.

Wort. What a knot of fortunes
Is here unty'd. Oh let me weare you ever
Vpon my heart with theſe. *Enter Servant haſtily.*
Mine Vncles ſervant! What new accident?

Ser. Oh Sir, never was endeavour ſo tir'd. But I am glad I have found you. Your Vncle's dead, and hath made you his heyre.

Vnc. Ha, ha! is't come about! nay then; are you married neece? if not, about it preſently, whilſt 'tis morning. Thou ſhalt be mine heire likewiſe: love him; lye with him; get boyes, and any thing now; you have my conſent.

To them FRANKE.

Bella. And now I owe you duty.

Fran. With what impudence
Shall I apparell my prepar'd excuſe,
To make it paſſe? What meane ſo many people?
I am return'd to chide your cruell practice,
That mockt my vertue into wicked frailty,
And an abus'd beliefe. I am your convert;
And come with more then ſorrow, ſatisfaction.
Let not the memory of my paſt errors
Pervert your thoughts, into a worſe opinion
Of my reclaiming, then if ill intents
Had here expreſt themſelves.

Wort. What meanes that Gentleman?

Bella He's one of thoſe that ... *whiſper.*

Cice. If you have my Maidenhead,
A Husbands leave is light.

Sam. As your Commodity is.
How did you like it, Sir? *Exeunt Hoſt.*

Fran. They will abuſe me
Into a madneſſe. Farewell vertuous Maid,
And bleſſe his bed deſerves thee. Here I baniſh
All after-thoughts of Women; but admire

The goodneſſe makes them perfect; ſince ſuch were
Added to be mans onely comfort here. *Exit.*

Keep. Moſt opportunely Widdow. I have ſollicited long; and if you will now conſent, let's beare theſe company.

Hoſt. With all my heart.

Kee. Why then to *Pancras:* each with his lov'd conſort;
And make it Holiday at *Totenham-Court.*

The EPILOGVE, by the HOSTESSE.

AGaine y'are welcome. There's no more to pay
But your kind liking. Tapſter *take away.*
If you deny't, as due for ſuch meane Cheere;
And ſay your firſt paid reckoning was too deere;
I begge it as a bounty. If I winne
Your kinde commends, 'twill bring more cuſtome *in.*
When others fill'd Roomes *with neglect diſdaine yee;*
My little Houſe *(with thanks) ſhall entertaine yee.*
And if ſuch Gueſts *would dayly make it ſhine,*
Our POET *ſhould no more drinke* Ale, *but* Wine.

FINIS the end.

The EPILOGUE, by the HOSTESS.

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(5)

Totenham-Court,

A

PLEASANT COMEDY.

Acted at the private houſe in *Salisbury-Court.*

By THOMAS NABBS.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Oulton*, And are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *White-Lyon* and *Ball* in Saint PAULS Churchyard. 1639.

Tottenham-Court,

A

PLEASANT

COMEDY.

TO
THE WORSHIPFVLL
WILLIAM MILLS,
Esquire.

SIR,

THough I know your affection to things of this kind is not such, that you covet mens notice of it, I am bold to prefixe your Name to this, as a publike declaration of the gratitude I owe you. If you vouchsafe the reading of it, you will find (after the light title) a light subiect, more gravely drest then the vulgar perhaps expected: who please their senses oftner with showes, then their intel-

lects with the true morall end of Playes, instruction. That you should authorize it after the Stages *tryall was not my intention (for you are none of those that glory to be thought judicious this way, your studies and imployments being more high and serious) but that in your acceptance of it, you would shew your selfe pleased with such acknowledgements as can bee rendered by*

Your ever-thankfull servant,

THOMAS NABBES.

The

The PROLOGVE.

Y'*Are welcome* Gentlemen *to* Tot'nam-Court,
Where You *(perhaps) expect ſome* luſty ſport;
Such as rude Cuſtome *doth beget in* MAY,
When ſtraggling Numbers *court that* joviall day
With early Riot. *No ſuch thing muſt be*
The Subject *of our eaſie* COMEDIE.
What then! a humorous, fiery, red-fac'd Hoſt,
That will diſcourſe his Gueſt *into more coſt*
Then's Cheere *is worth: and lyes with ſo much credit,*
As if 'twere Truths Authoritie, He *ſe'd it.*
Nor this! The AVTHOR *ſurely then intends*
Some Gowne-man *of the* Towne, *that dayly ſpends*
A thrifty Penny, *to preſerve his* Lungs,
For a full Voyce *'midſt the contentious* throngs.
But heere is no ſuch Satyre: *nor is't fit*
Abuſe *ſhould bee the exerciſe of* Wit.
To feaſt your ſenſe *and* minds *for* Cakes *and* Ale,
New, and not ſtal'd with handling, heere's a Tale
Dreſt up of a faire Milke-maid; *whoſe chaſt Theame*
Shall cloſe your ſtomacks *up in ſtead of* Creame.
Cook'ry *and* Wit *are like: the ſelfe ſame Meat*
Delights one's *taſt*, another *cannot eat.*
So 'tis in Fancie's *Worke:* this *loves a* jeſt;
That Language; Matter *pleaſeth* t'other beſt.
Our PLAY's *not larded with great ſtore of* theſe:
And how the reliſh of their ſalt will pleaſe
'Tis doubtfull. Yet We *are the leſſe affraid;*
Becauſe Your Reck'ning *is before-hand paid.*

The

The PERSONS.

WORTHGOOD. *A deserving Gentleman.*
BELLAMIE. *His Mistresse.*
Her Uncle. *An angry countrey gentleman.*
CICELEY. *Sister to* Worth-good, *but unknowne.*
KEEPER *of* Marrowbone-Parke.
SLIP. *His Man.*
FRANKE. } *Two Courtiers.*
GEORGE. }
CHANGELOVE. *A phantastick Gallant.*
STITCHWELL. *A Taylor of the Strand.*
His WIFE.
IAMES. *A wild young gentleman of the Innes of Court.*
SAM. *A fine Gentleman of the Innes of Court, and Brother to* BELLAMIE.
HOSTESSE.
TAPSTER.
SERVANT.
Two Countrey-men.
WENCH.
A PORTER.

THE SCOENE,

TOTENHAM-COVRT, *and the fields about it.*

TOTEN-



Act. I. *Scœn.* I.

Enter WORTHGOOD *and* BELLAMIE, *as travailing together before day.*

WORTHGOOD.

COme, my *Delight*; let not ſuch painted griefes
Preſſe downe thy ſoule: the darkneſſe but preſents
Shadowes of feare, which ſhould ſecure us beſt From danger of purſuit.

Bella. Would it were day:
My apprehenſion is ſo full of horrour,
I thinke each ſound the ayre's light motion
Makes in theſe thickets, is my Vncles voyce,
Threatning our ruines.

Worth. Let his rage perſiſt
To enterpriſe a vengeance; wee'l prevent it.
Wrap't in the armes of night (that favours Lovers)
We hitherto have ſcap'd his eager ſearch,
And are arriv'd neere *London*. Sure I heare
The Bridges *Catarracts*, and ſuch like murmures
As night and ſleepe yeeld from a popalous number.

Bella. But when will it be day? the light hath comfort:
Our first of usefull senses being lost,
The rest are lesse delighted.
Worth. Th' early Cocke
Hath sung his summons to the dayes approach:
'Twill instantly appeare. Why, startled *Bellamie?*
Bella. Did no amazing sounds arrive your eare?
Pray listen.
Worth. Come, come; 'Tis thy *feare* su gest's
Illusive *fancies:* under *Loves* protection
We may presume of safetie.
Within. Follow, follow, follow. *She startles from him.*
Bel. Ay me, 'tis sure mine *Vncle.* Deare Love. *Worthgood.*
Wor. Astonishment hath seiz'd my faculties.
My Love, my *Bellamie,* Ha!
Bella. Dost thou forsake me *Worthgood?*
Exit, as loosing him.
Worth. Where's my Love?
Dart from thy silver *Crescent* one faire *beame*
Through this black ayre thou *Governesse* of *night,*
To shew me whither she is led by feare.
Thou envious darknesse to assist us hither,
And now prove fatall.
Within. Follow, follow, follow.
Worth. Silence your noyse, ye clamorous ministers
Of this injustice. *Bellamie* is lost;
Shee's lost to me. Nor her fierce *Vncles* rage
Who whets your eagre apetites to pursue me
With threats or promises; nor his painted terrors
Of lawes severity, could ever worke
Vpon the temper of my resolute soule,
To soften't into feare, till she was lost: *Hollow within.*
Not all th'illusive horrors which the night
Presents unto th'imagination
T'affright a guilty conscience, could possesse me
Whilst I possest my *Love:* the dismall shrieks

Of

Of fatall Owles, and groanes of dying Mandrakes,
Whilſt her ſoft palme warm'd mine, were muſicke to me.
And were this hand but once more claſp't in hers,
This ſhould reſiſt th'aſſaulr, inſpir'd by love
With more then humane vigour.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Worth. Their light appeare's. No ſafety doth conſiſt
In paſſion or complaints. *Night*, let thine armes
Againe receive me; and if no kinde miniſter
Of better fate guide me to *Bellarpie*;
Be thou eternall.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

Scœne. 2.

Enter Vncle, ſervants and tenants with lights, as purſuing them.

Vnc. Come, wing your haſts: I'le ſweeten all your labours
With large rewards: doe but recover them,
I'le eaſe your rents; exact no coſtly cuſtomes;
Quarrell no more about your commons title.
Good neighbours forward: *London's* not farre off.

1 *Ten.* 'Tis ſo farre off, that I cannot ſee it.

Vncle. The day will ſoone diſcover it.

2 *Ten.* That day is ſure a notable informer; yet I believe
He ſpyes more bad then he mends.

Vncle. Come, follow me this way.

Exit with his ſervants.

1 *Ten.* Yes, we will follow; but at ſome wiſer diſtance: Stay neighbour let him goe. Shall wee rob our carcaſſes of ſleepe all night, that have beene ſufficiently tyr'd with the dayes toyles, for his reward? what will that be thinke you? a *Chriſtmas* dinner; with a Chine of his great *Oxe* that dy'd at watering of the blayne.

2 *Ten.* You ſay well neighbour:

And a ſtale hare with a great pudding in her belly.

1 *Ten.* And the diſcourſe of his Worſhips hunting her: how many doubles ſhee made, and mock't his Worſhips hope of a better dinner ſo long, till hee thought in his conſcience ſhe was a *Lancaſhire* Witch.

2 *Ten* Yes neighbour, and a choller of Brawne that was fatten'd with ſtale porredge.

1 *Ten.* And a gooſe that broke her necke, creeping through the hedge into the Parſons ſtubble.

2 *Ten.* No neighbour, let the young couple goe, and much joy go with them. Let us take up our reſts in this thicket, or the next houſe; for I am as ſleepy as if I had eaten a Puppie.

1 *Ten.* How, eat a Puppie!

2 *Ten.* Yes, a Puppie; I heard our Landlords Carter ſpeake it laſt *Whitſontide* in a Play.

1 *Ten.* And I am as drouſie as a Conſtable at midnight.

2 *Ten.* Why then reſolv'd: 'twill be day preſently: let's put out the candle, and go to bed, and farewel Landlord. *Exeunt.*

The third Scæne.

Enter BELLAMIE.

Bella. The day begins to breake; and trembling light
As if affrighted with this nights diſaſter,
Steales through the fartheſt ayre, and by degrees
Salutes my weary longings. Yet 'tis welcome,
Though it betray me to the worſt of fate
Love and *deſire* e're ſuffer'd. Oh my *Worthgood*,
Thy preſence would have check't theſe paſſions;
And ſhot delight through all the miſts of ſadneſſe,
To guide my feare ſafe through the paths of danger:
But thou art loſt, and all my joyes are fled
Not to returne without thee.

Singing within a farre off.

Bella.

Bella. New feares assault me. 'Tis a womans voyce.
She sings; and in her musicks cheerefulnesse
Seemes to expresse the freedome of a heart
Not chain'd to any passions. Be propitious
Thou regent o're my fate, and guide her hither
Vnto my comfort.

The SONG *within.*

What a dainty life the milke-maid leads?
when ever the flowry meades
She dabbles in the dewe,
And sings to her Cowe;
And feeles not the paine
Of love or disdaine.
She sleepes in the night, though she toyles in the day;
And merrily passeth her time away.

Bella. What a bleft state is this? the minds content
Sweeten's all sufferings of th'afflicted sense.
Those that are bred in labour thinke it sport
Aboue the soft delights which wanton appetite
Begets for others, whom indulgent fortune
Prefers in her degrees; though equall nature
Made all alike. Oh, might I change my misery
For such a shape of quiet.

The fourth Scœne.

To her CICELEY, *as going to milking.*

She comes this way.
Ile venture to accost her.

Cice. Ha! what silken butterfly's yonder! Shee looks not like one that had kept her selfe warme all night at the Brick-kils: yet silke petticoates many times are glad with worse lodging.

Bella. Good morrow maid.

Cice. Should I ſalute you ſo, 'twould bring my wit in queſtion. Pray you what are you?

Bella. A diſtreſt maid.

Cice. A maid at your years, and ſo neere London; where the ſale of one at 15. is as rare as a light wenches converſion. Never an early walking gallant to take you up this morning! The Parke here hath fine conveniences: or *Totenham Court's* cloſe by: 'Tis ſuſpected that fine Citie Ladies give away fine things to Court Lords for a Countrey Banquet there.

Bella. I cannot conſtrue it; my innocence makes underſtanding uſeleſſe. Good mayd, wife or widdow (for ſure you are a woman) doe a courteous office to your ſexe in me, and guide me to *London.*

Cice. It ſeems your are a kinde Countrey Gentlewoman, that have beſtow'd your Maidenhead on your Fathers ſervingman, and are come up to have a Cittizen ſoder your broken ware. The pollicie is growne ſtale: 'twould hardly take ever ſince the Ballad curſt the Carrier that brought her to towne.

Bella. Y'are a bad woman ſure: and from th'abundance of your owne foule ils ſuſpect all others.

Cice. The toy is angry, it would faine counterfeit ſomething: perhaps to inſinuate her ſelfe, and make me her agent. But you are deceiv'd my pretty morſell of wantonneſſe; my ſelfe and my Milke-paile are both honeſt: I have no diſguis'd tone of Come, or threepenny thrip to cloake a procureſſe. I am not the Blades intelligence whether *Franke* or *Moll* remove their lodgings to ſcape the Conſtables ſearch and Bridewell. I will to my Cowes, and leave you to the fate of the morning: deſpaire not of a cuſtomer; but be ſure I catch you not napping; for if I doe, I have leſſe mercy then Prentices at *Shrovetide.* I hate hedge-coupling worſe then faſting at *Chriſtmas*, or a Puritans long Grace over ſhort Commons.

Bella. If you are good, pray ſtay and comfort me.

The

The ſenſe of my diſtreſſe ſtops farther ſpeech.

Cice. Why let but an honeſt Iury (which is a kind of wonder in *Middleſex*) finde you not guilty of any thing that may make compaſſion deafe——alas, ſhe ſownes; poore gentlewoman, bee comforted. Should ſhee miſcarry, I were in danger, having no witneſſe to purge the ſuſpition of being her murdereſſe.

Bella. Worthgood farewell.

Cice. Ha! what ſaid ſhe? *Worthgood*? I have heard my Father often ſpeake that name, and ſigh after it. Alas, ſhe is dead; her breath ſcarce moves.

The fifth Scœne.

To them Keeper and Slip.

Oh Father, you are come in time to ſee me undone: I met this Gentlewoman as I was going to milking, and ſhee is fallen dead. I ſhall be queſtioned.

Keep. Why what is ſhe?

Cice. Nay that's as hard to tell, as the ſucceſſe of my danger. She nam'd one *Worthgood*.

Keep. That word ſtrike's deepe amazement. Is ſhee quite dead!

Cice. Dead as a herring Sir.

Slip. And are not you in a pickle *Cicely*? She is not dead Sir; ſhe breathes.

Keep. She may be recover'd. Pull her by the noſe.

Slip. Pull it off: no matter for ſpoyling her face if ſhee be dead.

Keep. Wring her by the little finger.

Slip. Her little finger is ring'd; and I will wring it from her.

Cice. No robbing the dead *Slip*.

Slip. Why ſhould the dead partake of living ceremonies?

Keep. Caſt water on her face.

Slip.

Slip. Blow winde in her face. Can water make one alive that's dead? unleſſe it be hot water.

Keep. Her ſpirits are return'd; give her more ayre.

Slip. A womans ſpirits? they are divelliſh ſure: I had beſt conjure them backe againe.

Bella. Where am I! what a pleaſant viſion
Pleas'd my dead ſlumbers, and preſented joyes.
As I with paſſion through th'eternall ſhades
Towards *Eliſium*, one of fates Miniſters
Told me I ſhould returne; and this ſame day
Enjoy my *Worthgood*.

Keep. What's he ſhould own that name! wonder and doubt
Have rais'd a warre within me, Looke up miſtris:
You ſhall not want what comfort we can give you.

Bella. Defend me gentle powers: yet yee ſhall never
O'retake my heart: thats ſtill with *Worthgood*.

Keep. For ſome bleſt Oracle to unfold the meaning
Of this ſo oft repeated name.

Bella. Ere you returne me to my angry Vncle,
My ſoule ſhall flie and meet with his embraces.

Keep. What meane you gentlewoman?

Bella. You are murderers
Of that content in me goodneſſe would cheriſh.
You ſerve the purpoſes of a paſſionate man
For baſe reward; and that ſhall render you
Baſe to opinion.

Slip. Pray ſir, let mee conjure downe this Divell in her tongue; 'twill raiſe tempeſts elſe, Murderers, and baſe! Pray Gentlewoman, to whom ſpeake you all this?

Bella. To you, the injurers of my true love
And *Worthgoods*.

Keep. Miſtris, we know you not; and all your words
Appeare diſtraction: Nor can they ſatisfie
Our yet amazement.

Bella. If you are not ſuch
As my too fearefull apprehenſion thought you,

Pray

Pray, what are ye?

Keep. Such as doe compassionate
Your feeling sorrowes, and would comfort you.

Bella. You'l then performe an act of piety
Worthy record. Since my distresse hath made me
The object of your pitty; pray conduct me
To some neere house, for I am wondrous faint.

Keep. Goe home with her daughter; use your best care in administring to her: we know not what fate depends upon it. When I have walkt the round I'le returne. *Exeunt.*

Slip. But pray *Cicely*, withall, neglect not my breakfast. Rising early and walking gets us good stomacks: yet I could be content to fast with such lac'd mutton and a good cullice more then halfe a morning.

Keep. What passions fight within me, that beget
Severall constructions of this accident?
But what my hope interprets cannot be.
How apt is misery to dreame that blessings
Are all immediate, and no underworkings
Of meanes and counsell! I'le not flatter it;
(Tis but th'eff. & of passion) but returne
To my delight of labour. Saw you the heard
Last night sirrah?

Slip. Yes, sir.

Keep. And how fed they?

Slip. With their mouthes.

Keep. You'l not leave your sawcie wit, untill it be beaten out of you.

Slip. 'Twould be her fawcily done of it to learne me so: but if it wil not keepe me from beating, I'le keepe it no longer; but be mannerly. The deare fed well sir, onely a mischance. Some Cuckolds curre (for I saw him run towards London) had pull'd downe two or three young deare.

Keep. And what did you with them?

Slip. I sent a Fawne to a wanting poet, a friend of mine; who I presume will make profitable use of it. Dresse it in

some lamentable *Epitaph* and dedicate to his memorie: whose compassion to bounty must redeeme his lavender'd plush, and commend him againe to converse with sacke and good company.

Keep. You have finely gleam'd from that Pot.

Slip. Something to make people laugh at me.

Keep. What did you with the rest?

Slip. A longing Lady in the strand had a *pricket*. Then I sent a *soure* to Barber-Surgeons Hall. A little *soure* makes them a great feast.

Keep. Well sirrah, round you the vtth side oth' Parke; and meet me at the great Oake. I'le this way.

The sixth Scoane.

To them WORTHGOOD *very profuse.*

Slip. Pray stay sir, who comes yonder?

Keep. Hee seemes a discontented Gentleman. Some dueller perhaps.

Slip. Some hot spur'd Gallant, that got a drunken feaver last night, and must bleed this morning.

Keep. Perhaps to revenge an affront done his Mistris.

Slip. His common Mistris you meane sir.

Keep. It needs no adjective the sense is common enough.

Slip. So is the creature; a Cart take them. They have infected more honest Alehouses with bad names, then Cakes and Creame will ever restore againe. A wench is growne a necessary appendix to two pots at *Totenham Court*.

Keep. To your walke sirrah. I'le observe him.

Slip. And I'le home to observe how I can sleepe after early rising. If my master should catch me napping, 'tis but dreaming a tale to excuse it. I'le perswade him 'tis as true Prophecie as *Bookers* Almanacke. *Exit.*

Worth. After so many longings to salute
The welcome light, it hath betray'd my sense

To

To worse affliction, then if sights priuation
Had made it vseleſſe; ſince it wants the obiect
Can both delight and feed it, Back blushing morne
To thy *Mygdonian* bed; there shake the dew
From thy wet locks; and teach thy guilty shame
To dye that red in an eternall blacke,
Vnleſſe it bring more comfort.

Keep. Diſcontent
Rides on his forehead; and doth ſeeme to trample
Vpon his ſoules dejection. Would I knew him.
Good morrow Sir.

Worth. Ha! tis a faire ſalute.
I doe returne you wiſh.

Keep. Sir, you muſt pardon me
If I ſeeme curious in ſome few demands.
My office and this place are priuiledge
For more then queſtions. Pray Sir what are you?

Worth. This ſure is *Marrowbone-Parke*, and he the Keeper.
A Gentleman that comes not to offend you.
I ſpoyle no game: your ſee I am vnfurniſh'd
Of inſtruments for ſuch a wanton miſchiefe.

Keep. But Sir, without a better facis faction
I muſt ſuſpect you ſtill. Mere recreation
To walke for health ſeldome inuites young Gallants
To leave their beds ſo early. I muſt haue more.

Worth. Muſt ſawcie groome! can any patience
Conſter it manners? Your rude compulſion ſhall not
Enforce me to expreſſe ſo weake a ſpirit,
Whilſt I haue hands, and this.

Keep. At that guard Sir?
Then this muſt countercheck it. Either tell me
Your name condition, and your buſineſſe here;
By my juſt anger for this foule prouoking
I ſhall not ſpare you elſe.

Worth. How happie now
Might this occaſion make me were ſhe loſt

Beyond that hope which whispers her yet safety!
I must preserve my selfe. Yet if shou triumph't
In my submission, 'cause I had rather loose
A little outward credit to prevent
Worse mischiefe: know I can devise revenge,
Shall be a faire example, such a seeming difference
From the pretence of any borrowed power
To overdoe it's duty. My name's *Worthygood*.

Keep. Enough; that word hath power to check the force
Of any passion, though the hotteſt rage
Enflam'd it to be active.

Worth. Heer's a change.
Why sure my name's a spell. How it hath calm'd
The tempest of his fury!

Keep. What black starre
Was found th'ascendant in my crooked birth,
That all my lifes fatt accidents should be
Such pregnant ills begetting one another!
One suddaine rashnesse in a moment might
Perhaps have ruin'd him my dutie honours:
Making this hand a mover to his death,
Whose life I ought to cherish.

Worth. What would'ſt else?

Keep. Nothing but pardon Sir; or if you please
Th'occasion brought you hither. Loſt you no company?

Worth. It cannot sure be feare that makes me jealous.
I dare the worſt of fate. Be he an actor
In my pursute, I'le venture all at once.
I have loſt a Gentlewoman, and doubt her safety:
If any chance hath guided you to find her,
Doe not delay my satisfaction.

Keep. I joy that chance made me the instrument
Of such a good. Please you to follow me.
I'le guid you to this pensive one, that grieves
More your fear'd loſſe then her owne misery.
She nam'd you oft; when (by her ſir transported)

Reco-

Recovering from a ſowne, ſhe thought her ſelfe
Surpriz'd by ſomethat meant her injurie.
Worth. Shall I give faith? my reſolution's mad;
Yet it ſhall trye th'event. Deſpaire may bring
A good ſucceſſe to an indifferent thing. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Scœn. 1.

Enter FRANKE *and* GEORGE, *as walking to* TOTENHAM-COVRT.

George.

FIe *Franke*; there's ſuch a diſproportion,
'Twill nere be brought to an equalitie.
Fr. Why *George*, doſt think th'exterior goods of fortune,
Or titular greatneſſe that derives it ſelfe
From larger ſprings, and ſlow's to ſwell the blood
With attributes of gentle, or of noble
Can make the difference ſuch that the free ſoule
Muſt have the limits of her large deſires
Preſcrib'd by them? Nature's impartiall:
And in her worke of man preſer's not names
Of auncеſtors. She ſometimes formes a piece
For admiration from the baſeſt earth
That holds a ſoule: and to a Beggars iſſue
Gives thoſe perfections make a beauty up;
When purer molds poliſh'd and g'oſs'd with titles,
Honours and wealth, beſtow upon their bloods
Deform'd impreſſions; objects onely fit
For ſport or pitty.
Geo. Yet never can the mixture
Of gold with clay make any tranſformation
Of that baſe matter into purer metall.

Fran. The *Chymistry* of Love can surely doe it:
Wedlocke conferres all honour that's a husbands
Vpon his wife.
Geor. And therefore you will marry
A milke wench; one that's drudge unto necessitie.
'Twould be acredit to that long continuance
Of noble matches which your auncestors
Have link'd to the chaine of their owne bloods,
To make the *series* of their Families
Spread in so many glorious divisions.
Come, let my counsell guide these passive fires
To flame aright, and send their *Pyramids*
More upwards. Let the grosser fuell that feeds them,
By an inversion, choake them. From advice
Men must choose wives, not passion.
Fran. She is faire:
Upon her person all the graces waite,
And dance in rings about her. Her bright eye
Is Loves chiefe mansion where he keepes his Court.
Envy not faire ones, if my fancie doth
Give all your dues to her, save onely those
Which your defects supply from wanton art.
Her white and red she borrow's not from any
Cosmetique drugs; nor puzzles the invention
Of learn'd practitioners for oyle of *Talve*
To blanch an *Ethiops* skin. Lillies and Roses
Are figures fitting common beauties: here
Wants a comparison but its proper selfe.
Geo. You swell her praise too high; so meane a subject
fits not these raptures.
Fran. Shee's a subject, *George*,
For larger volumes then invention
Yet ever fill'd with flattering hyperboles.
The very thought of her hath strain'd my heart-strings
Vp to a pitch of joy; whose musicke makes
My spleene dance lusty measures.

Geor.

Geo. If she be
So rare a piece, her low condition
Makes me suspitious shee's some common mission
Lurks in that maske for safety.
Fran. Did not friendship
Restrain't, I should be angry: nay more; punish
So great a sin against her innocence.
I have laid all the baits that might entice
Apt inclination to sweet wickednesse;
But could not catch her that way. She hath shund them
With witty scorne, and such imperious chooks
Have made me blush at my intentions foulenesse;
Which now is cleer'd with noble resolution
To give my hot desires their satisfaction
In faire embraces, such as the reverence
Of lawfull Wedlock sweetens.
Geor. Vertuous policie.
Kill reputation, that you may preserve
A little better conscience. Any judgement
Would make a faire construction of my life,
That surfets in delights, and plyes the Epicure
In all varietie and choyce of pleasures
Soonomben of thy act. Where is the want
A faire excuse (as thine doth) they are doubled.
Fran. When thou hast seene her, thou wilt
soone acknowledge
In what a filthy error thy invectives
Have lost themselves.
Geo. Nay rather hide her from me,
She may raise motions; and if I should rival thee.
I must be serv'd: nothing was ere devis'd
To fright libidinous nature from it's prosecution,
That can restraine me.
Fran. Shal't not make me jealous?
Her soule is guarded with so many vertues
Temptations cannot approach it: and t'is easy

Of noble love (though yet she never sung
The musicke of consent) I dare preferre
My selfe the first accepted.
Geor. Still be confident.

The second Scene.

To them CHANGLOVE, STITCHVVELL, *and his* WIFE.

But who comes yonder?
Fran. Some Citie loving couple.
Geor. What's that Gallant?
Fran. Surely 'tis Will *Changelove*:
The *Proteus* of affection: one that vary's
As many shapes of love as there are objects.
But what that shee-thing is I doe not know.
Geo. She seems a handsome piece. That opportunity
Would play the Bawd a little.
Fran. You'd be nibbling.
Changlove is my acquaintance. If they come this way (as 'tis most likely *Tottenham-Court's* the end of their early walking) I'le be thy introduction. Let's walke softly.
Geor. Whilst I doe ruminate some policie.
Stitch. Besides the recreation Sir, 'tis healthfull.
Chang. Indeed sloth duls the spirits activeneſſe,
And too much sleeping blunts the senses quickneſſe;
Though some be very needfull; their effects
Are the preservers of their instruments.
I love early rising.
Mris. St. But me thinks a nap in a morning's good.
Cha. True *Mris. Stitchwell*; when the braine hath purg'd
It selfe of groſſer fumes, the fancy yeeld's
Such solace to the inward waking sense
In pleasant dreames, that I have often wish'd
Those shadowes reall which they have presumed.

Or

Or their continuance to eternitie.
Indeed I love to sleepe in the morning.

Stitch. But stirring and exercise, I say.

Wife. I would you would vse it in bed then.

Stitch. I tell you Mr. *Changeloue* though I am a Taylor I keepe servants that are stout knaves. I love them well, and they looke well to my businesse. On holydayes I give them leave to vse exercise.

Wife. Yes husband, your finisher is as pretty a fellow as ever did tradesman or his wife service. He pitcheth the barr, and throws the stone; it doth me good to think of it.

Stitch. I have a *Cornish* Lad that wrastles well, and hath brought home Rabbets every *Bartholmew*-tide these five yeares. At stoole ball I have a *North-west* strippling shall deale with ever a boy in the strand.

Change. Now you speake of a ball, I would wee had one here; tis a commendable exercise: the great Physitian *Galen* wrote a booke, *de exercitatione parua pila.*

Wife. What's that, pray sir?

Change. Concerning the exercise of the little ball.

Wife. It seems great Physitians will busie themselves about small things: but they are not of my mind.

Geor. How lik'st the project?

Fran. As the end proves it; howsoever, it promiseth fairely.

Geo. They are arriv'd: let us prepare our selves.

Fran. Mr. *Changeloue*; a happy day follow this pleasant morning.

Change. Worthy friend, I returne your salute with double wishes: pray know this Gentleman and his bedfellow.

Fran. The day must needs bee fortunate, that begins with such faire Omens.

Wife. I pray sir, why doth that Gentleman shun your company? I hope we fright him not: he had beene mannerly to salute me.

Fran. He alwayes doth that by Attourney Mistris.

Wife. Then I must pay the fees.

Fran. The truth is, he is a great woman-hater.

Wife. Now out upon him. I thought he was gelt, hee is so fat. Beast that I was to be so unmercifull to a dumb thing; I had a dog serv'd so for the same purpose.

Fran. It is a disposition in his will,
Not a defect of power.

Stitch. How said you sir? cannot that Gentleman indure women?

Fran. Hardly, their sight at distance. 'Tis affliction
Vnto his very soule to heare their vertues
Discourst, unlesse in scorne.

Change. A strange unmanly humour: I love not that.

Wife. May all the curses our injur'd sexe can study, fall upon him for it: and I thinke we can curse.

Frank. I know, to him my company is deare;
And our intentions have the selfe same end
Of mutuall enjoying: now, with what dejection
He doth expect I should divide my selfe
From you, may be conceiv'd.

Wife. I beseech you kind sir leave us not.

Change. I should love some witty plot upon him.

Frank. He is my friend: yet I would gladly ayde
In any easie mischiefe, that might ayme
At his reclaiming.

Wife. Let's get him arraign'd as one was in a play. Let me alone to aggravate his inditement to the Jury; which shall be twelve Midwives of my acquaintance: yet he be sworne I never us'd my selfe to them.

Change. I have it.

Stitch. Pray sir let me heare it, let's run to *Tottenham-Court* for a wager.

Fran. 'Tis excellent; so his grosse bodies foyle
To follow us shall be our laughter.

Stitch. Right; or if he stay behind, let my wife alone to vexe him.

Change.

Chang. Let's run then: 'tis a brave *Olympicke* exerciſe;
I love it well; but how ſhall we diſpoſe
Of all theſe cumbers?

Fran. Let us not be foot-men.

Change. Indeed a ſeeming careleſſe ſtay'd formalitie
In ſuch like wantonneſſes beſt becomes
A gentleman. I love it.

Fran. Forwards then.

Chang. The wager?

Stitch. Every man his dozen. *Exeunt running.*

Wife. Why ſweetheart; why husband; why *Iohn*; doe you leave your Wife behind, to bee taken up by every body? Now the love of mans ſociety defend mee from this abuſer of creation. Come not neere mee thou man of clouts; thou maulkin of virilitie; thou halfe woman, and all beaſt: or with theſe nayles I will teare out thine eyes, and all the double things are left about thee.

Geor. Be milder gentle miſtris. There's nothing in me
Appears unto my ſelfe ſo full of guilt
It ſhould deſerve reproach from you a ſtranger.

Wife. There's nothing in you indeed ſir; your friend hath given me your character. You pretend to hate women, becauſe women have reaſon to hate you.

Geo. I hate women!
Now by my love of pleaſure, no delight
Hath any reliſh on the wanton palat
Of my deſires; unleſſe ſome mixture ſeaſon it
That is deriv'd from them.

Wife. Yes ſir; you may take delight in them, but they little in you. Come not too neere, there's infection in it: my blood deſires no freezing. The Summer of my youth is not yet halfe ſpent; or if it were Autumne with mee, high feeding and eaſe requires ſomething.

Geo. She takes me for an Eunuch. Sure my friend
Hath overdone his part; and drawne the counterfeit
Too neere the life of truth. Sweet Miſtris heare

The language of my heart that cannot glosse
My plainer thoughts with superficiall words,
I love you; my desires are throughly fir'd,
And burne my bloud: which but your free enjoying
Nothing can quench.

Wife. Why, I am a woman sir.

Geo. I thinke you are; and one made up for pleasure,
More then the dull converse of what's defective.

Wife. You say true sir: I heare it with a heavy heart.
But I hope sir, you would not have me make my husband a Cuckold.

Geo. Fie, that's a grosse construction; onely shame
And common knowledge doth it, not the act
Of a Wifes wantonnesse.

Wife. I need no instructions for secrecie. Trust mee a handsome Gentleman. The wickednesse of his friend to beleeve him so. Dare you kisse me sir?

Geo. A pledge for what should follow.

Wife. You shall doe what you will with me, but making my husband Cuckold.

Geo. No more of that. Nay, this way.

Wife. What, back againe? No by my Strand-honesty. Ile to *Totenham-court* after my husband. If there be that necessity at any time that I must make my husband a Cuckold, I'le doe it before his face; any Citizens Wife can doe it behind her husbands backe.

Geo. Your will disposeth mine: we there may finde
Handsome conveniences; and I'le renew
My counterfeit of woman-hatred: it
May cast a mist before his jealous eyes
Would watch us else.

Exeunt.

The third Scæne.

Enter CICELEY *and* BELLAMIE *in one anothers clothes.*

Cice. I hope y'are satisfied: but to what end this change should serve, I would faine be instructed.

Bella. I'le tell you. When we fear'd pursuit, we left our horses, and the high way. The horses are surely found; and by them my being hereabouts may bee conjectur'd. Now this disguise shall helpe me to scape their search.

Cice. Now out upon't. Had I no better an opinion of your honestie, then of your wit (both which smell all together of the countrey) I would againe leave you to seeke out your owne danger. You have gentle-side mee with your clothes; and you are handsome enough in mine: for though I am but a milke-wench, I ever lov'd neatnesse. Now you shall personate my maid, and wait upon me to London; I'le personate you, and if any thing rise from the mistake, wee'l turne it to the best use. If I finde not out your sweet-heart, let me never be counted a Propheteſſe: and I am sure I have foretold weather from the turning up of my Cowes tayle.

Bella. Dispose me as you please. I dare the worst
Of my malicious. Now love hath arm'd me
With better resolution.

Cice. In this disguise Ile meet the Gallant courts me every morning at *Tottenham-Court*, and sound the depth of his pretended honest meaning. My condition is to low to win upon his desires to marry me: and the other thing without it, he shall never have.

Within. Why *Ciceley*, *Ciceley*, I say my breakfast A quick supply of meat, drinke and sleepe, or I rage presently.

Bella. Blesse me, who's that?

Cice. My fathers man.

Bella. Hee'l spoyle all. *Totbem Slipp hastily.*